

FORTUNE'S CHINA: GARDENING.

Wanderings in China. By ROBERT FORTUNE. London: 1847.

It was the humor of some philosophers of the last century to be credulous about the virtues, genius, and accomplishments of the Chinese; and, the other day, the Pottinger Treaty appears to have found too many of our countrymen equally ready to be deceived. According to their sanguine anticipations, the opening of the five ports was to be the beginning of a new world.

Horticulturists were naturally among the most forward of these expectants. The Chinese glorify their country with the title of the Flowery Empire. Their tea plant lays us under tribute morning and evening; and they have already presented our gardens with the Pæony and Chrysanthemum, with the Azalea, Camellia, and divers other flowers. In addition to which, an obscure belief prevailed at one time (and is not perhaps at present quite exploded) that the English taste in landscape gardening, if not derived from the Chinese, is at all events the same with it. It is not at all surprising, therefore, that in the general rush to China, our gardeners should have wished to be suitably represented. Accordingly, in 1843, the Horticultural Society of London sent out Mr. Fortune as its botanical collector; a judicious choice, as far as we can judge from the present unpretending volume, which is his account of his two years' wanderings among the Chinese Flora. We rejoice to learn that the zeal and ability displayed by Mr. Fortune on this occasion have received an appropriate reward; and that he has been recently appointed by the East India Company to examine more completely the Tea districts of China, with the view, we believe, of afterwards superintending the naturalization of the *Thea viridis* in the Himalaya, either as a plant or a manufacture,—as the case may be.

Mr. Fortune performed, we have no doubt, all that could be reasonably looked for. But, with only the opportunities and qualifications which Europeans possess at present, the question still remains, what this *all* amounts to? Not allowed to pass into the interior, and ill acquainted with the language, there are few problems concerning China which foreigners can be supposed to be yet in a state for solving on their personal responsibility. For example, the objects of Mr. Fortune's search lie com-

paratively open. What he saw with his own eyes we believe implicitly in. But what did he see? With the exception of a hasty excursion to Soc-chow-foo in a boat and in disguise, his range of observation was confined to the immediate neighborhood of the privileged maritime towns, with the names of which English readers are by this time pretty well familiarized. For all beyond, he could have nothing but the word of a Chinese.

It will be long, we fear, before strangers can observe at their ease, or communicate with confidence in China. Mr. Fortune was stared at in the neighborhood of Amoy as an object of curiosity and alarm.

"When the day was hot, I would sit under the shade of a large banyan tree, generally found growing near the houses; and then the whole village—men, women, and children,—would gather round, gazing at me with curiosity, not unmixed with fear, as if I were a being from another world. Then one would begin to examine my clothes, another would peep into my pockets, while several others were examining my specimens." (P. 37.)

He was robbed at Chinchew:—

"A few of the natives began to follow me very closely, and, from their manner, I suspected that their intentions to me were not good; but as they pretended to take me to some place where I should see some good plants and flowers, I allowed them to accompany me, and tried to keep them all in good humor. We arrived at last in sight of a large mansion, standing in a retired part of the country, and I was proceeding with perfect confidence towards it, when the Chinamen began to press more closely round me; and upon feeling a hand in my pocket, I turned quickly round, and saw the thief running off with a letter which he had abstracted. As soon as he saw he was discovered, he threw it on the ground and made off; but when I put my hand into my pocket, I found that I had lost several things of more value. This incident stopped my progress, and made me look about for my servant, whom I saw at some distance, attacked by about eight or ten of the fellows. They had surrounded him, presenting their knives, and threatening to stab him if he offered the least resistance, at the same time endeavoring to rob and strip him of every thing of the slightest value, and my poor plants, collected with so much care, were flying about in all directions." (P. 57.)

He was cheated at Ningpo, Shanghai,—and most probably everywhere else. Among the objects which he was always inquiring after,

was a reported yellow camellia: and he was rash enough at Ningpo to offer the sum of ten dollars to any Chinaman who would bring him one:—

"Any thing can be had in China for dollars! and it was not long before two plants were brought me, one of which was said to be light yellow, and the other as deep a color as the double yellow rose. Both had flower-buds upon them, but neither was in bloom. I felt quite certain that the Chinaman was deceiving me, and it seemed foolish to pay such a sum for plants which I should in all probability have to throw away afterwards; and yet I could not make up my mind to lose the chance, slight as it was, of possessing the *yellow camellia*. And the rogue did his business so well! He had a written label stuck in each pot, and apparently the writing and labels had been there for some years. I fancied I was as cunning as he was, and requested him to leave the plants, and return on the following morning, when he should have an answer. In the mean time I asked a respectable Chinese merchant to read the writing upon the labels. All was correct; the writing agreed with what the man had told me: namely, that one of the plants produced light yellow blooms, and the other deep yellow. 'Did you ever see a camellia with yellow flowers?' I enquired of my friend the merchant. 'No,' said he, in his broken English; 'My never have seen he; my thinkie no have got.' On the following morning the owner of the plants presented himself, and asked me if I had made up my mind upon the subject. I told him that I would take the plants to Hong Kong, where I was going at the time; that they would soon flower there; and that if they proved *yellow* he should have his money. This, however, he would not consent to; and at last we compromised the matter, I agreeing to pay half the money down, and the other half when the plants flowered, providing they were true. On these conditions I got the camellias, and took them with me to Hong Kong. It is almost needless to say that when they flowered there was nothing yellow about them but the stamens, for they were both semidouble worthless kinds." (P. 94.)

With the same absence of good faith, a Shanghai nurseryman charged him an exorbitant price for some peonies, because they could only be procured at a great distance; though in fact he brought them, with the earth upon their roots scarcely dry, from a nursery garden hard by. These vexations, however, were lightly treated by Mr. Fortune, who, whether robbed or defrauded, pursued his vocation with uniform temper and perseverance.

The province of Che-kiang, in which the town of Ningpo is situated, excites our collector to unusual raptures by its abundant flowers. Festoons of the beautiful *Glycine sinensis* adorn the hedges:—

"Most people have seen and admired the beautiful Azaleas which are brought to the Chiswick fêtes, and which, as individual specimens, surpass in most instances those which grow and bloom on their native hills. But few can form any idea of the gorgeous and striking beauty of these azalea-clad mountains, where, on every side as far as our vision extends, the eye rests on masses of flowers of dazzling brightness and surpassing beauty. Nor is it the azalea alone which claims our admiration; clematises, wild roses, honeysuckles, the *glycine* noticed above, and a hundred others, make us confess that China is indeed the central flowery land." (P. 67.)

So much for the wild flowers of China. Their artificial state is not so captivating. When at Ningpo Mr. Fortune visited the gardens of several mandarins. They are fancifully laid out with ornamental shrubs, and generally contain many specimens of dwarf trees—some trained to represent larger trees, others, to imitate animals or pagodas. The process by which these vegetable toys are created will be read with curiosity, and be probably attempted by many a schoolboy in his holidays. A description of one of the gardens, which strangers are taken to to admire, is sufficiently characteristic. Its owner having accumulated an independent fortune by trade, is amusing his old age after the following fashion:—

"This old gentleman has the different parts of his house joined together by rude-looking caverns, and what at first sight appears to be a subterraneous passage, leading from room to room, through which the visitor passes to the garden, which is behind the house. The small courts, of which a glimpse is caught in passing through, are fitted up with this rock-work; dwarf trees are planted here and there in various places, and creepers hang down naturally and gracefully until their ends touch the little ponds of water which are always placed in front of the rockwork. These small places being passed, we are again led through passages like those already noticed, when the garden, with its dwarf trees, vases, rockwork, ornamental windows, and beautiful flowering shrubs, is suddenly opened to the view." (P. 99.)

This description will apply apparently, more or less, to all the private gardens which were seen by Mr. Fortune; while their nursery gardens may be considered to be favorably represented by the celebrated Fa-tee gardens, within three miles of Canton.

"The plants are principally kept in large pots arranged in rows along the sides of narrow paved walks, with the houses of the gardeners at the entrance, through which the visitors pass to the gardens." It is in the spring that "the Fa-tee gardens possess the greatest attractions. They are then gay with the tree peony, azaleas,

camellias, roses, and various other plants. The azaleas are splendid, and reminded me of the exhibitions of the Horticultural Society at Chiswick; but the Fa-tee exhibitions were on a much larger scale. Every garden was one mass of bloom, and the different colors of red, white, and purple, blended together, had a most beautiful and imposing effect." (P. 153.)

Shanghai is the most northern of the five ports at which foreigners are permitted to trade. Mr. Fortune passed some time here, from its being a favorable field for his botanical pursuits; and it was from hence he started on his great adventure to Soo-chow-foo.

"Every one who has been in China, or who is at all acquainted with Chinese history, has heard of the city of Soo-chow-foo. If a stranger enters a shop in Hong Kong, in Canton, or in any other of the towns of the south, he is sure to be told when he inquires the price of any curiosity out of the common way, that it has been brought from this celebrated place: let him order anything superb, and it must be sent for from Soo-chow; fine pictures, fine carved work, fine silks, and fine ladies, all come from Soo-chow. It is the Chinaman's earthly paradise, and it would be hard indeed to convince him that it had its equal in any town on earth." (P. 250.)

In the neighborhood of the city there were likewise reported to be a number of excellent gardens and nurseries; Mr. Fortune, therefore, determined at once, if he could obtain a conveyance, to defy the celestial laws, and, if possible, to visit this far-famed city. At length he procured a boat, and set off in the proper direction without telling the boatman where he wished to go. His servant repressed curiosity, and allayed the customary jealousy, by informing all inquirers that his master was "*perfectly harmless*"—that he would do no mischief, and get nobody into trouble—that he was only a man in search of plants. Sooner or later, however, the object of his journey must be communicated to his travelling companions. So having reached a spot thirty miles distant from Shanghai, he thought the time was come for making his intentions known to his servant, who was more able than any other person to assist him in his scheme. The promise of five dollars to this person, and double pay (Mr. Fortune had bought his experience) to be paid on their return, to his boatmen, induced them to proceed. The difficulties of dress and appearance were now to be overcome; and our author had to be metamorphosed in various ways—among others, to cut off his hair, and wear a Chinese wig and tail. He was evidently a little nervous about the success of his disguise. The people in the large towns are not easily

deceived; still less their dogs, which are very averse to strangers. Men, however, and dogs passed him without notice. And when he was crossing the bridge near the city walls—the first Englishman, as far as he knew, that had ever done so: for Lord Macartney's embassy is not said to have quitted their boats as they went by—it was no little triumph to him to find that he passed without being remarked by a single individual of the throng that was around him. The city, seen in the only way that he could see it, seems scarcely worthy of the pains that were taken to reach it. It has the merit, however, of prosperity: for it is connected with the central provinces of China by a hundred ramifying canals of various sizes; and being thus a chief mart for their produce, has an important and increasing trade both with Europe and America.

"In its general features, it is much the same as the other cities in the north, but is evidently the seat of luxury and wealth, and has none of those signs of dilapidation and decay which one sees in such towns as Ningpo. A noble canal, as wide as the river Thames at Richmond, runs parallel with the city walls, and acts as a moat, as well as for commercial purposes. Here, as at Cading and Ta-tsung-tseu, a large number of invalided junks are moored, and doubtless make excellent Chinese dwelling-houses, particularly to a people so fond of living on the water. This same canal is carried through arches into the city, where it ramifies in all directions, sometimes narrow and dirty, and at other places expanding into lakes of considerable beauty; thus enabling the inhabitants to convey their merchandise to their houses from the most distant parts of the country. Junks and boats of all sizes are plying on this wide and beautiful canal, and the whole place has a cheerful and flourishing aspect, which one does not often see in the other towns in China, if we except Canton and Shanghai. The walls and ramparts are high, and in excellent repair, having considerable resemblance to those in Ningpo, but in much better order. The city gates seem to be well guarded with Chinese soldiers, and all the streets and lanes inside are intersected at intervals with gates, which are closed at nine or ten at night. The governor-general of the province resides here, and keeps those under his control in excellent order.

"The number of nursery gardens in this city had been exaggerated by my Chinese friends at Shanghai, but nevertheless there were several of considerable extent, out of which I was able to procure some new and valuable plants. Among these I may notice in passing a white Glycine, a fine new double yellow rose, and a Gardenia, with large white blossoms like a Camellia. These plants are now in England, and will soon be met with in every garden in the country. The Soo-chow nurseries abounded in dwarf trees, many of which were very curious and old, two properties to which the Chinese

attach far greater importance than we do in England. The ladies here are considered to be the most beautiful in the country, and, judging from the specimens which I had an opportunity of seeing, they certainly deserve their high character. Their dresses are of the richest material, made in a style at once graceful and elegant; and the only faults I could find with them were their small deformed feet, and the mode they have of painting or whitening their faces with a kind of powder made for this purpose."

In January, 1845, the season of the year being unfavorable for further botanical operations in China, Mr. Fortune paid a short visit to the Island of Luzan, of which Manilla is the capital. His object was orchidaceous plants, especially one kind, the *Phalenopsis Amabilis*, a singularly beautiful species, the queen of Orchids; for the first imported specimen of which the Duke of Devonshire paid a hundred guineas. It was a prize of no little importance; so the woods of which it is a native were sought with proportionate eagerness. Many were the vexations and annoyances which were met with—almost impenetrable thickets on the mountains, and swarms of two kinds of leeches in the moister plains, which made wounds upon the legs of the whole party, and were nearly as alarming as the banditti. But no hindrances were regarded; and his perseverance at last had its reward.

"I was very anxious," he says, "to get some large specimens of the plant, and offered a dollar, which was a high sum in an Indian forest, for the largest which should be brought to me. The lover of this beautiful tribe will easily imagine the delight I felt, when one day I saw two Indians approaching with a plant of extraordinary size, having ten or twelve branching flower-stalks upon it, and upwards of a hundred flowers in full bloom. 'There,' said they in triumph, 'is not that worth a dollar?' I acknowledged that they were well entitled to the reward, and took immediate possession of my prize. This plant is now in the garden of the Horticultural Society of London; and although it was a little reduced, in order to get it into the plant-case at Manilla, is still by far the largest specimen in Europe." (P. 337.)

The trials of a botanical collector in China are not over when he has packed his plants into their glass cases. Our collector had still to fight for his plants and for his life. Returning home by way of Chusan, the little fleet of wood junks, on board of which he had embarked, was attacked by four or five pirate vessels, when about sixty miles from Shanghai. The defence of the whole party was left to his single arm, assisted by his double-barrelled gun. The exploit itself and his account of it are so Homeric, that his readers

will be apt to think he has mistaken his profession. Had he been brought up to military instead of peaceful pursuits; had he always lived either in a fleet or in a camp, and never entered one of those glass houses from which our proverb expressly excludes all ideas of violence and aggression, he could not have acted with greater coolness and intrepidity.

We must take this opportunity of telling the public—what our merchants know pretty well already—that piracy bids fair to be as formidable off the coast of China as in the Indian Archipelago. In his day, Sir Henry Pottinger proposed to Keying that a flotilla for the suppression of piracy should be supported at the joint expense of China and Great Britain. The offer was rejected; and the crime has gradually increased, until no Chinese vessel can make a coasting voyage without imminent danger of capture, unless she is in charge of a convoy. It is now some months since 700 grain junks were blockaded in a port near Shanghai; and an expedition, it was reported, was to be fitted out for their relief. By the latest accounts, nothing had been done; and it was feared that the Chinese government would have to compound with the pirates for the release of the rice fleet. Meantime a British sloop of war had taken more vigorous measures; and had just destroyed two piratical junks that were lying in wait close in shore for the Amoy sugar junks, which at that season were daily going northward. The *Friend of China* (June 17), whom we are citing, may well bespeak the gratitude of the native merchants. The Chinese are a people to themselves. But we have some points in common; and if robbers are as much at their ease elsewhere in the interior, as they are said to be at Soo-chow, and if the coasting trade of the empire is at the mercy of bands of pirates, something more than a mechanical government must be raised up, or there will be ere long a change in, if not an end to, the most ancient form of society now existing in the world.

But to return. Mr. Fortune must have felt infinite pride and satisfaction, when in May, 1846, he saw the beautiful productions of the flowery land, which he had collected with so much skill and perseverance, deposited in excellent order in the garden of the Horticultural Society at Chiswick. What proportion they bear to the botanical wealth of China, further experience alone can show. It is but a small space of this vast country, we must remember,—its sea-board only,—which has been actually explored. For the rest we have to depend on the presumption which the contents of the public gardens visited by Mr.

Fortune may afford. Considering its celebrity, every district of the empire might be expected to send the choicest representatives of its Flora to the nursery gardens of Soo-chow-foo; yet our collector, it would seem, fell in there with very little which had not also found its way to the nursery gardens of the sea-port towns.

But whatever aid our gardens may have received or may be destined to receive from this quarter in their vegetable *matériel*, or the plants themselves, the other very improbable notion that the peculiar style or character of the English garden, as distinguished from that of the European continent, had been copied from the Chinese, is plainly without foundation. The notion is thus noticed by Gray, in a letter to Mr. How, in 1762. He is writing about a book lately published by Count Algarotti, and observes: "He is highly civil to our nation: but there is one point in which he does not do us justice: I am the more solicitous about it, because it relates to the only taste we can call our own; the only proof of our original talent in matter of pleasure,—I mean our skill in gardening, or rather laying out grounds: and this is no small honor to us, since neither Italy nor France have ever had the least notion of it, nor yet do at all comprehend it when they see it. That the Chinese have this beautiful art in high perfection, seems very probable from the Jesuits' letters, and more from Chambers' little discourse, published some years ago; but it is very certain we copied nothing from them, nor had anything but nature for our model. It is not forty years since the art was born among us; and it is sure that there was nothing in Europe like it; and as sure that we then had no information on this head from China at all." (Letters, p. 385.) We have looked over the Jesuits' letters, as well as the large work of Duhalde, who was likewise a Jesuit in the mission, for their information on the state of Chinese gardening. There are very few passages in either of them relating to it: What is said, however, is certainly evidence, in some cases, of considerable skill; though whether it be evidence of any general skill in the art of landscape gardening, is a very different question. Duhalde, for instance, describing the better class of Chinese houses, tells us, "On y voit des jardins, des laes, et tout ce qui peut récréer la vue; il y en a qui forment des rochers et des montagnes artificielles percées de tous côtés avec divers détours en forme de labyrinthes, pour y prendre le frais: quelques-uns y nourrissent des cerfs et des daims quant ils ont assez d'espace pour faire une espèce de parc: ils y ont pareillement des viviers pour des poissons et des oiseaux de vivière." (Description de la Chine, p. 85.)

Here we have signs of something more than the cultivation of flowers; though so little is intimated about scale, that we are not absolutely sure that the lakes were more than ponds; or the enclosures and their ornaments much larger than those of a modern "tea garden," of which the description a little reminds us.

Had Mr. Fortune remained in this country, it was his intention to have published another work, which would have been confined to Chinese gardening and gardens; and it is to be hoped that he will now avail himself of his additional opportunities. All the gardens of the mandarins, however, which he saw (and he believes that he saw more than had been seen before by any other person) were exceedingly small, like that at Ningpo. They may be described in a few words; as very limited in extent, intersected by ornamental walls which have carved stone windows to admit of a glimpse through them, and full of beautiful flowering plants and dwarf trees, with here and there some pretty rock-work representing the rugged hills of the country. A Chinese garden of this humbler kind, attached to one of our English gardens, might be interesting as a curiosity; but would hardly be accepted as a model by those who could find room for something better than the *fausse campagne* it affects. Not but that we are sensible of the charm of those trim monastic gardens, where Milton in his day could still see pacing up and down the figure of "retired Leisure;" and the enjoyment of which he at least must have thought consistent with an admiration for the grander style of landscape gardening—of which in the *Paradise Lost* he is supposed by some to have sown the first idea. It will be well indeed always to keep them distinct; as the author whom we have quoted says that the Chinese at present keep them. Speaking of their landscape gardens, he observes that "if you meet there with any squares or borders of cultivated flowers, their small extent seems to announce that it is a license which requires an apology."

Even in England itself, at this time, more attention is paid to the raising of flowers than to the manner of displaying them—to the ornamental contents of the garden, than to its general appearance and effect. And there are obvious causes for this preference: flowers can be raised at a small cost compared with the sum required to form a well decorated pleasure ground; while many of them are so beautiful, that their intrinsic brilliancy and fragrance make them objects of sufficient satisfaction without the addition of accompaniments. Nevertheless, we confess, we miss the embel-

ishments which our ancestors would certainly have bestowed upon their frame and setting. In modern times, we see, attached to houses of no lower than the third, and sometimes even of the second class, holes cut in the turf for the reception of flowers; arranged, it is true, more or less according to some pattern, but without any further conversion from the primary field, than a little levelling and some gravel walks. Had these gardens been formed in the days of the Tudors and the Stuarts, there would have been the stairs and balustrades, the vases and various stone work, the terraces, the alleys, and formal lines, which were certainly very imposing ornaments in the immediate neighborhood of their buildings. Nor need the adoption of such accessories in the slightest degree cast our favorite flowers into the shade; for no parterres will more prominently display, than those of a formal garden, the sparkling jewellery of our modern Flora. It must still be the natural, and indeed necessary, arrangement, that the flower beds should form the life and light of the decoration: and as nearest the house, be constantly in view. There was a time, however, when this architectural and elaborate taste was carried too far. The higher class of gardeners, the decorators of grounds, who had arisen as horticulture improved, were, at first, uniformly its advocates. While Le Notre practised it at Versailles and other palaces in France, London and Wise adopted it in England, in the king's gardens, at Blenheim, and in many gentlemen's residences. It did not leave enough to nature. Things became worse, when, on the accession of King William, the Dutch taste was engrafted on the French. Formality, before too stiff, was now rendered rigid; and ornamental gardening was turned into an art, of which it appeared to be a first principle that nature was to be studiously contradicted and suppressed, as something inconsistent with the object of a garden. Even trees were not permitted to retain their natural shapes: yews were clipped into peacocks, and box-trees into statues; so as to provoke the observation, that not only might one have had a wife like the fruitful vine, and children like olive branches, but uncles and aunts like box and yew. All this was absurd enough. But these errors might have been reformed without rushing into the opposite extreme. This, however, was what was done: and we are still suffering from the violence of that reaction.

Sir William Temple, many years before, had maintained, in his pretty Essay on gardening, that the Countess of Bedford's garden at Moor Park was the "perfectest figure of a garden," and the sweetest place he had ever

seen either at home or abroad. He praised the terraces and cloisters, the steps and the balusters, and said the whole might "serve for a pattern to the best gardens of our manner, and that are most proper for our country and climate." (Essays, p. 229.) When the tide turned, Moor Park and Sir W. Temple were accordingly selected as the favorite butt of the new race of *connoisseurs*. Emboldened by Gray's approval of the later style as more proper "for our country and our climate," Mason ventured to break forth—

"Behold what Temple called
A perfect garden! There thou shalt not find
One blade of verdure, but with aching feet
From terrace down to terrace shalt descend,
Step following step, by tedious flight of stairs.
On leaden platforms now the noon day sun
Shall scorch thee; now the dark arcades of stone
Shall chill thy fervor: happy if at length
Thou reach the orchard, where the sparing turf
Through equal lines, all cent'ring in a point,
Yields thee a softer tread."

(English Garden, p. 24.)

In the same strain Horace Walpole laughed at going down steps out of doors, and said, "any man might design and *build* as sweet a garden (as Moor Park) who had been born in and never stirred out of Holborn." (Essay on Modern Gardening, p. 256.) Pope, in one of his Essays, and in the "Guardian," and Addison in the "Spectator," added their condemnation of the taste of former times; until, at length, the public voice was determined by the concurrence of such great authorities; and a tribe of landscape gardeners sprang up who founded their fame upon avoiding all appearance of design. Because their predecessors had slighted the excellent maxim, "*ars est celare artem*," Kent, Bridgman, Brown, Wright, Southcote, and their disciples caricatured it; and because they conceived nature to abhor a straight line, they cleared the country of its ancient avenues, and brought their tortuous flower-beds and winding walks up to the very house walls, which (as Cowper says of the sunbeam) they would also have made crooked had they been able. The hand of man was to be kept out of sight as much as possible; objects never seen in nature were to affect being natural. We cannot find it in our hearts to quarrel with that application of the principle, by which even handsome residences were clothed with ivy and other plants. But now-a-days it will scarcely be believed, we hope, that Kent, in order the more effectually to conceal every vestige of design, had some dead trees put in when he planted Kensington Gardens.

Meantime many a beautiful place was irreparably injured. Cowper had a deep love of the country—much deeper than that of either

the brick and mortar maker of Strawberry Hill or the poetical "maker" of Windsor Forest. His sorrowful lamentation over the process will live longer than Mason's descriptive satire on Moor Park:—

"Improvement, too, the idol of the age,
Is fed with many a victim. Lo, he comes!
Th' omnipotent magician, Brown, appears!
Down falls the venerable pile, th' abode
Of our forefathers—a grave whisker'd race,
But tasteless. Springs a palace in its stead,
But in a distant spot, where more expos'd
It may enjoy th' advantage of the north,
And aguish east, till time shall have transform'd
Those naked acres to a shelt'ring grove.
He speaks. The lake in front becomes a lawn;
Woods vanish, hills subside, and valleys rise;
And streams, as if created for his use,
Pursue the track of his directing wand."

Gray had made a list of the places in England which he thought worth seeing. We should have liked to have had from Cowper his more melancholy list of places, where the beauty which had been taken away by these improvers had had a superior character and charm about it—at least what he could not but feel to be so—to that by which it was replaced.

Whately, one of our best writers upon the subject, is made so, very much in consequence of his not having so intense a horror of regularity and order as the rest. He admires, it is true, the gardeners of the natural school, and prefers their creations to those of London and Wise—and we quite agree with him, if there must be nothing but exclusiveness and extremes. Still he could tolerate a straight line, and the admission of architectural ornaments in gardening. There are cases, too, in which he would permit what was artificial to be visible. "Choice and arrangement, composition, improvement, and preservation," he writes, "are so many symptoms of art which may occasionally appear in several parts of a garden, but ought to be displayed without reserve near the house; nothing thereshould seem neglected; it is a scene of the most cultivated nature; it ought to be enriched; it ought to be adorned; and design may be avowed in the plan, and expense in the execution." (P. 141.)

This is wholly at variance with the opinions of his contemporaries, who must have despised such old-fashioned notions. On certain other points, his taste was still more completely different from theirs. "Even regularity is not excluded (he continues): so capital a structure may extend its influence beyond its walls; but this power should be exercised only over its immediate appendages: the platform upon which the house stands is generally continued to a certain breadth on every side; and whether it be pavement or gravel, may undoubtedly coincide

with the shape of the building. The road which leads up to the door may go off from it in an equal angle, so that the two sides shall exactly correspond: and certain ornaments, though detached, are yet rather within the province of architecture than of gardening; works of sculpture are not like building, objects familiar in scenes of cultivated nature; but vases, statues, and termini, are usual appendages to a considerable edifice, as such they may attend the mansion and trespass a little upon the garden, provided they are not carried so far as to lose their connection with the structure." (P. 141.)

These distinctions appear to us to be very just; nothing can have a less satisfactory appearance than a mansion standing in a meadow or a forest. However beautiful the landscape may be, something is wanting to connect it with the house; the transition, at one step, from a large and decorated building to a wild external space, bearing no marks of the human hand on it, is displeasing from its abruptness. The eye wishes for some blending, for some junction. Looking away from the house, it desires the architecture to merge by degrees into the landscape; looking up to the house, it desires nature to be visibly tempered with art before it terminates against a building, which must always be artificial. How this union should be carried into effect; where obvious design should cease; at what distance from the mansion no art except *ars celato* ought to be employed, must vary with the circumstances. The space may be so small as necessarily to confine the floriculturist to a judicious selection and exhibition of his flowers. If larger, the style and arrangement ought to be governed not only by the nature of the grounds which are themselves to be adorned, but also by that of the surrounding country, as far as it is admitted into the view.

Many persons at present consider flowerbeds cut out in turf a sufficient connecting link between the landscape and the building; and there are cases, and those indeed the most numerous, where nothing more is necessary, nor perhaps appropriate. If a formal pattern be adopted, and an artificial appearance maintained, in the disposition of the colors, flowerbeds may answer the purpose, round a villa or a cottage. We cannot, however, agree with those who think that this does all that is required, when the character of the building is more important. Round an ornamented house of any pretensions, it is indispensable for its full effect that the garden should likewise have architectural decoration. A terrace has many advantages; but whatever forms may be adopted, taking care to "consult the ge-

nus of the place in all," they should be combined with lawn and walks, and with parterres broad in their lines and regular in their forms—a regularity which, in its turn, should gradually disappear and die away in the natural landscape. We have not a word to say, however, under any circumstances, in favor of the small irregular flower-beds, in the shape of butterflies, or hearts, and kidney beans, dotted here and there, without any reference to one another, by which so many of our modern gardens are disfigured. For the improvement of the natural scenery into which the formal garden should merge, among some over-refined suggestions, Whately offers many which are really valuable: And it was certainly no excess of refinement in Sir Uvedale Price, but great good sense, to advise us, if we would well lay out our grounds, to study the compositions of the best landscape painters. Though it may seem at first to be reversing the order of things to strive to render the nature, which we have to deal with, like their pictures, yet it will be only giving nature back the benefit of her own lessons—restoring her a part of what the *oculus eruditus* of the artist had originally borrowed from her. This is particularly true of those points of view from which vistas or openings are to be made, in order to show a landscape as it appears at a given spot. A landscape gardener ought to learn as much from the Water-Color Exhibition, as any horticulturist can learn at Chiswick.

But we have no intention of being carried away into a discussion on landscape gardening. Our first object has been, to compare the conflicting accounts which had been given of the taste and practice of the Chinese, and to see how far they could be reconciled with each other; our next, to show that, whatever distance separates the spacious parks of the emperor from the ordinary and all but topiary garden of the mandarins, an almost equal diversity has prevailed—we are not sure that we might not say prevails—among ourselves. Not that we are a whit more indebted to Chinese precedents for the one style than the other. In a country like England, the two styles were pretty sure to spring up and maintain their ground, first one and then the other—or both together; and to have admirers in every class, according to the originality of individual fancies, or the current fashion of the day. On such a subject as the natural and the elaborate—and between different forms of art, according to the style or ornament preferred—each will always have its zealous advocates: provided only, when the several systems are put in opposition, that other circumstances are equally advantageous. No theory and no experience

have yet established which of them produces the highest, most permanent, and most extensive pleasure. Lord Byron had a pride in thinking that our national taste, as it is conceived to be shown in what is called an English garden, had grown up less under the influence of our landscape painters than that of our descriptive poets*—more especially Milton and Pope. We should not wonder, notwithstanding—so variable a thing is taste in matters of this kind—if Temple were now to find almost as large a party to follow him to Moor Park, as would accompany Thomson and Pope to Stowe.

A taste for flowers and scenery is now so widely spread and diligently cultivated, that it is only reasonable to expect a great improvement in the arts relating to them. The layer out of a garden has at present abundant power of forming his taste: statements of various systems are before him—comparisons of them and discussions without end. There is no excuse for him if he does not make himself so well acquainted with these, as to at least avoid the manifest errors that they point out. He can likewise select for the decoration of his spaces, from so large and admirable a catalogue of trees, shrubs, and flowers, that any shape or color can be acquired. Cheap glass puts within his reach the vegetable productions of every climate. Never were means so ample. We confidently hope that a good use will be made of these facilities: but that this may be so, we cannot be too much on our guard against any extreme and exclusive system.—*Edinburgh Review*.

* There is a very striking description in Mr. Stirling's "Annals of the Artists of Spain" (624.), of the gardens of Aranjuez, its rivers and fountains and marble statues, its cathedral walks of hornbeam, and its few camels parading to and fro with garden burdens. The description is introduced by a notice of the many sketches made by Velasquez of its sweet garden scenes, as, for example, of the Avenue of the Queen, and the Fountain of the Tritons: And it is another instance how sociable are the arts, that Mr. Stirling should be in this manner conducted to do honor to Boccaccio, and the garden of his immortal palace; creations which, he justly says, "can never be sufficiently studied by the painter and the landscape architect."

Prince Albert, as President of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts and Manufactures, has given two gold medals for competition during the ensuing session: one for the best account of any new and improved machinery or processes employed in the cultivation or preparation of sugar in the British colonies, designed to economize labor and increase production—the other for the best cement for uniting glass, particularly for cementing glass pipes and glass roofs.

LAY OF THE LAST NIBELUNGERS.

Das Nibelungen Lied; or, Lay of the Last Nibelungers. Translated into English Verse, after Prof. Carl Lachmann's collated and corrected Text. By Jona. Birch. Berlin, Duncker; London, Williams & Norgate.

It seems that the translator of this remarkable poem—the only known production of Indo-German origin that bears any real analogy to the Homeric epic—must have taken it for granted that all his readers have already been acquainted with what has been ascertained concerning its origin and history. His version appears without preface, notes, or other critical or explanatory matter; and, therefore, can scarcely be intended for those by whom such aids may be wanted for a proper understanding of the poem. Now, as this “Lay of the Last Nibelungers” is a poem of very recent discovery, and by no means so popularly current in Europe that all, even of well-educated persons, may be supposed familiar with its general character,—to send it forth in an English dress, without a word to introduce or illustrate its strange and almost savage rhapsodies, is tantamount to declining the notice of all but the very few even among studious readers of poetry. Beyond that class, indeed, it could hardly penetrate in the dress of a new language, however well furnished with such notes as are indispensable to the most cursory view of any rude fragment of antiquity suddenly restored to the sight of a totally different world. In the naked state in which Mr. Birch offers it to English readers it can attract little notice, except from those who are already in some degree familiar with the poem in the original or in modern German versions, and who may be curious to compare its appearance in these with the manner in which Mr. Birch has presented it in a new language. Such readers must, of course, be acquainted with its native and proper aspect; and they, of all others, are the least likely to prefer to that any foreign version of a work depending so largely for its effect upon peculiarities of tone that no translation can hope to reproduce.

We cannot pretend to undertake the task which we think Mr. Birch ought to have attempted, in order to give English readers any taste whatever of the long poem he has been at the pains to translate. The matter in question here, we may observe in passing, is not a creation of poetry under those ordinary conditions that enable it to speak for itself, as all true poems in general will sufficiently do where

their speech can be understood. Here something is wanted, in the nature of an interpretation of the very speech itself, which a mere transfer of words from one tongue into another will not afford,—which, indeed, is necessary to those even who may fully understand the literal meaning of the original text. The whole substance of the work belongs to a time in which the modes of life, the beliefs, the motives of every kind, in short, were totally different from those of modern Europe; and the mere value of written or spoken symbols of these cannot be truly represented, without some kind of mediation, in such equivalents as can be found in expressions moulded on a different scale of ideas. In a case like this, therefore, the most essential part of the translator's office can scarcely be said to regard the verbal structure of the poem. It must always remain, in a great measure, closed to the modern sense; but in order to such an approximation as may still be possible to a feeling of what the old poet really meant to say or sing, we are to place ourselves, by such aids as we can get from a study of the times and notions he represents, in some degree at least nearer to him. The antiquarian must in this instance be the usher to the bard; and to lend him our forms of speech, without a syllable explaining what ideas he may have annexed to the words we thus render, is no more to give an effectual translation of his work than would a display of his remains (could the grave be tempted to give them up,) dressed in the costume of our times, be a true exhibition of the living person of the singer of this rude but noble epic.

A few words only we shall say concerning its general history and features. The original, as we have received it from ancient times, is itself no more than the recast, in Christian days, of materials belonging to an age when Europe was still heathen. It was first restored to the light from its long sleep in monastic libraries, about a century since, by Bodmer of Zurich, — who published, from the Hohenems MS.* (now in Munich,) considerable portions of the text of the poem. Some time afterwards it was printed entire by John Von Müller in his collection of

* There exist, we believe, six complete MSS. of the Lay, in various libraries,—four in Germany. The oldest belongs to St. Gallen; there are two in Munich; one in Vienna; another in the Wallenstein-Ottingen Library. Of the whole number, two only, if we remember right, are on parchment; the others are transcripts on paper,—dating at various periods between the thirteenth and fifteenth centuries. One is said to be still in Paris, and another in the Vatican.

Old German poems. The first critical edition of the text by Van der Hagen, as well as his first translation into modern German, dates in the present century, — between 1810 and 1820. Since that period it has been studied with improved attention; and we cannot here enumerate all the eminent names connected with the illustration of a poem which Germany now claims, with some pride, as her national epic. Among these may be mentioned Zeune, Simrock, Grimm, August Schlegel, and Lachmann, — whose edition of the original (*Ur-text*) Mr. Birch's translation professes to follow.* It will thus be seen that even in Germany itself the general appreciation of this disinterred masterpiece of a rude age has been somewhat recent; and also that the Germans themselves have very justly perceived that more than a simple version of the text into modern language is necessary in order to appreciate it.

The burden of the poem is the tragical fate (*Noth*) of the Nibelungs, or Niflings, a Burgundian race, according to tradition — whether purely mythic or partly historical is still disputed — at the Court of Etzel (or Attila) in Hungary, towards the middle of the fifth century. The cause of their destruction is the vengeance of Chriemhild — sister of the Burgundian King Gunther — for the slaughter of her first husband, Siegfried, son of King Siegmund, of Santen or Xanten (in Cleves,) on the Rhine, by Von Troneg Hagen, one of Gunther's liegemen.

The object of this treachery was to gain possession of the fabulous Hoard (*Hort*) which had been conquered by Siegfried's valor from a Dragon, who guarded the treasure of the Nibelungs; but the instigator to the act is Gunther's wife, Brunhilda, — who has conceived a violent hatred to Siegfried, on a quarrel with Chriemhild for precedence, which discovers the means that champion had used to subdue Brunhilda — the possessor, in her virgin state, of superhuman powers — to a marriage with Gunther. The first half of the epic is occupied with the wooing and wedding of the two princes — the early feats of Siegfried — the quarrel between the rival wives — and the assassination of Siegfried by Hagen. The second records the plan and success of Chriemhild's revenge, — and rises by degrees to a strain of rugged grandeur, the climax of which is terribly impressive. The widow, brooding on her beloved hero's death, accepts the hand of Etzel, in the hope of using his power to punish her enemies.

* We would add the name of Schönhuth, whose convenient little edition (Leipzig, 1841) adopts the text of the Hohenems MS.

Ed. Dag.

Shortly after her arrival at the Hungarian court, she induces Etzel to invite thither her three brothers, with their liegemen; and they set forth on the ominous journey, in spite of many warnings. Chriemhild secretly stirs up a bloody strife between the warriors of Etzel (amongst whom are his allies the Amelungs) and the Burgundians, — which ends, after a long and frightful carnage, in the destruction of the whole Nibelung party. Chriemhild is slain by Dietrich of Born* (Etzel's ally and champion) after she has sated her revenge by giving the last blow to Hagen, — who dies refusing to reveal the hiding-place of the fatal Hoard; which is thus lost to sight forevermore. Such is a bare outline of the epic, in which some critics have discovered distinct traces of historical fact, — and explain, in various ways, the indications of real events supposed to lie in the names and places occurring in the poem. But it is pretty evident that in its present composition, at all events, these are but doubtful fragments, — defying all real connection, whatever they may have been in the several materials from which the last composer is conjectured to have framed it. Of its poetical importance there can be no doubt whatever. Comparatively modern as it appears in the recast we now possess — which is ascribed to some period between the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries — it still bears undoubted traces of a living vein of poetry descending, from whatever source, through at least six centuries earlier; and is instinct with simple energy, various and rapid movement, vivid description, and a fearful tragic sternness, in a style artless, but strongly impressive, — across which there fall by fits some brief dashes of tenderness and gleams of intense feeling, with traits of heroic valor and fidelity to the death, that strike the sense more deeply from the rugged ground by which they are reflected. There is no other extant picture of the dawn of Modern Europe in its remotest heroic age that can be compared to this for color, distinctness, compass, and true poetic energy.

The antiquity of the original poem or poems, as also the authorship of the text which has been handed down to us, have both been a subject of learned disputes, — with which we do not presume to interfere. The *Nibelungens Noth*, as we have it, is assigned, with pretty general consent, to some of the *Meistersingers* of the thirteenth or fourteenth century, — of whom Wolfram von Eschenbach, Klingsohr, Heinrich von Ofterdingen, Konrad von Würzburg, and Marner, have each found their advocates. The so-called German origin

* Generally supposed to be meant for Theodoric of Verona.

of its sources has been asserted and questioned warily. Opponents of the historical claim of this poem as strictly Teutonic, maintain that it can be shown to be made up of elements nearly all of which are found in the old Scandinavian lays, or saga—those, namely, relative to Sigurd Fafnirbane and his race; and “that these Pagan fragments,” as a late critic in the *Edinburgh Review* sums up the debate, “are the foundation, or rather are the whole, of the poem of the ‘Nibelungens Noth,’ only in a different form and dialect of the Teutonic.” He adds, “Some writers suppose that these have existed in the Teutonic as well as in the Scandinavian tongue; and that the saga of the latter have been taken from the former. But the existence of these saga from Pagan times, in the Icelandic or Scandinavian tongue, is a reality; their existence at all, except in the Christianized form of the ‘Nibelungens Noth’ of the thirteenth century, is but a supposition.” On the whole, this conclusion appears to be the most probable; and until certain evidence of earlier Teutonic sagas shall be discovered, to overthrow the claim of priority founded on what is already known to exist in the Icelandic legends, it may be assumed that the German *Meistersinger* got his materials, either directly or through some intermediate tradition, from those northern sources. To pursue the details of this argument is not in our power. What we have thus briefly said of the significance and of the relation of the poem, as we know it, to subjects of great interest, in literary and ethnological points of view, may at least serve to show the disadvantage with which it must appear without some notice of the circumstances that render it peculiar, or of the conditions by which its poetical character have been determined.

Of the merits of Mr. Birch’s version we desire to speak with every allowance for the difficulty of his task. The object, in translating a work like this, is not merely to convey the substantial meaning, but to clothe it in language as nearly as may be repeating the tones of the original. This, in modern English, is no easy matter, when the text to be copied is of the rudest mould of the Old German; and to accomplish it with any degree of success, the writer must have a thorough use of all the stores of our language of all times, from Chaucer downwards, as well as a nice feeling of the particular word or phrase that will suit not only the sense, but the color of the ancient lay. With all these aids, we say, it will be scarcely possible for a translator of our times to revive in English the *naïveté* and simple vigor of such an original,—qualities,

however, the loss of which must wholly alter its poetical character. The Modern German versions, although in a language akin to that of the old text, and more apt than ours to the simple and homely in expression, are not always successful in avoiding this defect. Mr. Birch, we fear, has done less than might have been achieved, even in our less flexible and more conventional idiom, in preserving the picturesque *æru*go of his original. The literal sense he presents, on the whole, with sufficient accuracy; but the color of the strain, which determines its virtual expression, is not always that of the old poem:—and he is apt to give it a purely modern air by using words that sound affectedly in a lay of old times, when a quicker feeling of its character might have discovered fitter language. Of his performance we shall give a specimen—from one of the passages in the second part, that we have never been able to read in the original without a certain creeping sense of supernatural awe. The Burgundian warriors have set forth on their fatal journey,—and are stayed, on reaching the Danube, by the want of a ferryman to put them across the river. The destined chief of the party, Von Hagen, goes along the stream to seek for a boat, and falls in with a bevy of water-witches (*Merwiper, Mere-women*) playing in a fountain near the stream. He seizes their clothes; and, by the law of such beings, they are thus compelled to answer his inquiries:—but the first answer turns out to be a terrible mockery, and the next is a fearful warning. In the original, the episode is like the first glimpse behind the curtain that hides a terrible future; and the effect, grim and depressing, prepares us for the coming woe. In the version before us, scarcely a trace of this character, we apprehend, will be found; and the passage will serve as a pretty fair instance of what has been done and omitted by the translator. We italicize some of the words that might have been replaced by others better chosen, and in which his choice has affected the tone of the piece. Otherwise, as we have said, its substance is rendered faithfully enough.—

The river had o’erflowed its banks—no passage craft
saw they:
The kings felt puzzled to get o’er, with their *august*
array;
For tide run rapidly, I trow—the flood was very broad.
Then from their horses’ backs the men leaped off with
one accord.

“Now tarry here beside the stream,” said Hagen,
“whilst I seek
The ferryman more up the flood—and ’bout our
transport speak,
By means of his stout passage-boat, into Gelpfrates
land;”
Hagen then took, *with confidence*, his trusty shield in
hand.

He was well armed—besides his shield, which on his arm he placed,
His polished helm, which gleamed afar, he 'neath his tonsils braced,
And o'er his mail, in baldric bore a weighty two-edged brand;
Which through the very marrow cut, when wielded by his hand.

Seeking the Danube ferryman a little up the stream.
He heard a water-splashing play, and listened, *as I deem,*
It was occasioned by *wise nymphs, disporting in a lake;*
—They came to cool themselves, I ween, and joyous bath partake.

Sir Hagen got a glimpse of them, and *slily* would advance;
Apprised thereof, they quickly dived below the water's glance.
—That they so well escaped from him, produced *much merriment;*
He took their clothes and nothing more—the hero was content.

Then spake a mermaid to the knight—Hadburga was her name:
“Renowned Sir Hagen, hero bold!—*attentive ear we claim.*
If you'll return again to us the raiment you have got,
We'll tell you of your Hunnish trip, and what will be your lot!”

They floated, *like aquatic birds,* before him on the flood.
Their insight into things to come he thought both keen and good;
And therefore was prepared, by faith, to credit what they said:
Forthwith, she gave him wise reply, to what was in his head.

Said she, “With safety you may ride into King Etzel's land:
I pledge thereon my truth and troth—*and, in idea, my hand;*
That never noble king's array obtained in foreign state,
Such honor, and such lofty fame:—believe what I relate!”

The mermaid's words made Hagen's heart to *palpitate* with joy;
He gave them back the *captured clothes*—and left the *virgins coy.*
No sooner had they hurried on their *wondrous garmentry,*
Than they foretold, in truthful words, his fate in Hungarie.

Loud spake another water-nymph—this one Sieglinda hight—
“I warn you, Tronyie Hagen brave,—Sir Adrian's son of might!
That to obtain the clothes, my aunt has said what is not true:
For shouldst thou journey to the Huns, that journey thou wilt rue.

Trust me, you should ride back again, there yet is time, I ween;
For you bold knights of Burgundie have only bidden been
That you should miserably die in royal Etzel's land:
Whoever rides to Hungarie, has death within his hand!”

A few of the closing stanzas may be added, to show the manner in which the fatal story comes to its end. All the Burgundian knights have fallen, except King Gunther and Von

Troneg Hagen. He, sorely wounded, is handed to the vengeful Chriemhild, bound as a prisoner, by Dietrich of Born.—

Then went the queen Chriemhild to where Sir Hagen met her sight:
I wot, full ruthless proved her speech unto the captive knight!
“Will you return, without delay, that which you took from me?
Then may you reach with life your home, in distant Burgundie.”

Thereto replied the angered chief, “Your prayer is made in vain,
Most noble daughter of a king! for I an oath have ta'en
That I will ne'er divulge the place where lies the hoard concealed;
So long as either king doth live, it will not be revealed!”

“Then will I make short work of it!” so said the lofty wife:
She gave behest that Gunther brave should forthwith lose his life.
His head was hewn from off its trunk—which by the hair she took,
And bore it to the Tronyie chief, who mournfully did look

Upon the ghastly, dripping head of this much honored king;
Then to Chriemhilda he again severe remark did bring:
“Thou hast indeed thy will fulfilled—ending with brother's blood!
And, verily, in such a way, as I did fear you would.

Now is the noble Burgund king prepared for early grave!
Eke Giselher, the young and good—and Gerenot the brave!
Where the said hoard lies hid is, now, known but to God and me!
And shall from thee, accursed wife! forever hidden be.”

Said she, “You've foul atonement made, in purpose, deed, and word:
Therefore will I possess myself of virtuous Siegfried's sword,—
That which he bore on stalwart thigh, when last I saw the chief,
Whose death has ever been to me, a keen, heart-rending grief.”

She drew it from the well-known sheath—Hagen could not prevent—
To take the warrior's life, forthwith, was her *unmasked* intent.
She swung it with both hands, and smote his head from off its trunk:
King Etzel saw the vengeful deed, and *from its horror shrunk!*

“Alas!” the Hun king sighing said, “how does the matter stand—
That he, the boldest of all knights, should fall by woman's hand?
He, who in onslaught was the first—the bravest that bore shield!
Although he was mine enemy, *I fain to sorrow yield.*”

Then spake the ancient Hildebrand, “She shall no gainer be
Through this same deed of deadly hate—whate'er becomes of me!
Although he brought myself unto a *very gulp of breath:*
I ne'ertheless will work revenge for valiant Hagen's death!”

Thereon did Master Hildebrand run at the fair
Chriemhild—
And smote so with his keen-edged sword, that he the
Hun queen killed:

Truly, she felt abounding fear, and dreadfully amazed!
—What helped that she loudly shrieked, when he his
arm upraised?

—Where'er one looked, the dead were seen, lying in
clotted gore.

In pieces hewn lay Chriemhild's corse, upon the dun-
geon's floor.

Dietrich and Etzel now began to grieve and weep
anew:

They inwardly bewailed the loss of friends and liege-
men true.

Thus were the mighty of the earth by hand of death
laid low!

The people all bemoaned aloud, and much of grief
did know.

Thus in keen sufferings end was made of Etzel's fes-
tival:

As joy and woe will ever be, the heritage of all!

So ends the "Nibelungens Noth," a vast

flaming ruin quenched in a sea of blood; the record of which, it may be felt, is too stern and rude to admit of holiday phrases or to suit the composite terms of modern usage. These have been drawn upon by Mr. Birch more largely, we think, than was at all necessary; and this greatly injures the poetical effect of his translation. But we may add, that whoever may here read the story told in this fierce old epic, without going to the source—and can remember to allow duly for the varnish of Mr. Birch's style—will probably desire to know more of the original poem. He will find, even in this rather too jaunty version of a *Meistersinger*, who was terribly in earnest, the outlines of a huge Titanic past; and be invited to measure with his own eyes the striking monument by which its image has been in some measure preserved.—*Athenæum*.

FRANK FORESTER'S FIELD SPORTS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Mr. Forester is an Englishman, the son of a Dean of Manchester, who has resided for the last sixteen or seventeen years in America. Ardently addicted to field sports, he has pursued them in the new country with as much zest as in the old; though his tastes have induced him to prefer a class of sport analogous to our partridge, pheasant, and grouse-shooting, rather than water-fowling. Want of opportunity, or of liking, has prevented him from engaging in the more perilous but less scientific chase of the far West, or of the remote forests of Canada and the Hudson's Bay territory: but he knows the theory of every kind of sport pursued on the continent of North America, from rail and plover-shooting up to the moose, the elk, and the grisly bear of the Rocky Mountains; and he has examined both written and oral accounts with a critical mind, so as to deduce the principles of the sport from the practical facts. Mr. Forester also appears to have used his pen, in conjunction with other sporting spirits of the Western world, in periodical writings for the American public, with objects something more than literary. The description of a fine week's sport, or the dramatized account of an extraordinary feat is all very well; but some of the writers have had higher aims. They would urge upon the State Legislatures the necessity of more stringent game-laws, and upon the public mind the propriety of observing such as do exist; they denounce the gluttony of "snobs"

and citizens, who encourage poachers and pothunters by purchasing their ill-gotten trophies in season and out of season; they would direct the public mind to the approaching extinction not only of vermin and beasts of prey, but of some of the noblest animals or handsomest birds with which the States once abounded; and they hold up to odium the rustic "savages" who take advantage of the accidents of the seasons to massacre entire masses of creatures for some wretchedly small gain, as well as the unsystematic, unsportsmanlike slaughter continually carried on by town loafers and village idlers, with bad guns and low-bred curs.

In fact, "sporting" would seem to be in a transition state in America; the condition of nature past, and that of art not yet attained. It being understood that by sporting is not meant lying on your back or your belly in a punt, or some such contrivance, for an indefinite number of hours, in the worst kind of weather, in order to massacre large numbers of water-fowl, or the dangerous but exciting chase of the wild or savage animals of the wilderness. In Mr. Forester's ideas, "sporting" embraces the enjoyment of air, exercise, and varying landscape; the exhibition of animal instinct, increased by breeding, cultivated by art, and displaying sagacity that looks like a high effort of mind, together with the exhibition of judgment, readiness, and gunner-like skill on the part of the sportsman. And these, it strikes

us, may be nearly as well enjoyed at home as in America,—unless the thickness of the woods, the freshness of the landscapes, the wildness and extent of the marshy wastes, be an object with the sportsman; for in all these America must carry off the palm. She seems to us to want *game*. Her hare is so small that it is popularly called and considered by persons above the vulgar a rabbit; the nice scrutiny of a naturalist being requisite to discover the difference. Partridge and pheasant she has not; ruffed grouse (in American parlance, partridges) cannot be followed with success from the rocky and woody nature of their haunts; the Canadian grouse is still more difficult of access, rare even to the naturalist. Grouse-shooting proper may still be met with on the Western prairies; in other places it seems to be practically extinct, through the practices Mr. Forester denounces.

"In the State of New Jersey, it is said that a few birds still linger among the sandy pine barrens, along the Southern shore; but if so, they have become so rare that it is worse than useless to attempt hunting for them. On the brush plains of Long Island they were entirely extinct, even before my arrival in America. Among the scrub oaks in the mountains of Pike and Northampton counties, in Eastern Pennsylvania, a few packs are supposed to be bred yearly, and a few sportsmen are annually seduced into the attempts to find them. But annually the attempt is becoming more and more useless, and anything approaching to sport is absolutely hopeless.

"Many years ago I spent a week among the forest land Northward of Milford; and with no success whatever, not so much as seeing a single bird.

"In Martha's Vineyard they are so strictly preserved, that I have never taken the trouble of travelling thither on the chance of obtaining permission to shoot at them; although I am well aware that there are sportsmen from New York who resort thither yearly in pursuit of them.

"On the barrens of Kentucky, where they formerly abounded, as in the Eastern States, they have become extinct; and, in truth, unless the sportsman is prepared to travel so far as Chicago, St. Joseph's, or St. Louis, he has not much chance of obtaining anything to reward his pains in the way of grouse shooting."

As succedanea for our *principes* of the field, the moor, the wood, and the table, the Americans have snipe and woodcock shooting in far greater perfection than we have; and quails, so numerous and so different in habits from those of Europe that they may be considered a new style of sport. There is also rail shooting from boats, made purposely to push through flats just covered by the rising tide, where the so-called sportsman stands in the bow, incapable of missing unless he is the

merest bungler or he tumbles into the mud, but where all the merit is due to the boatman. And there is plover shooting, which is practised in England; though not exactly in the fashion in which the sandpiper is pursued.

"This sandpiper flies very swiftly, and when on the wing shows like a very large bird, owing to the great length of its sharp-pointed wings. At first sight, you would suppose it to be as large as a pigeon; although its body is not, in truth, very much larger than that of the common snipe, or intermediate between that and the woodcock; while the extent of its wings, from tip to tip, exceeds either of these, by nearly one-fourth. Like many other species of wild birds, this sandpiper is extremely cunning, and appears to be able to calculate the range of a fowling-piece with great nicety; and you will constantly find them sitting perfectly at their ease, until a few paces more would bring you within shot of them, and then rising, with their provoking whistle, just when you believe yourself sure of getting a crack at them. In the same manner they will circle round you, or fly past you, just out of gunshot, tempting you all the time with hopes that will still prove false, unless you have some such device as Eley's cartridges, by which to turn the shrewdness of this cunning little schemer to its own destruction.

"In Rhode Island, where alone the sport is now pursued systematically, the mode adopted is this: the shooter, accompanied by a skilful driver, on whom, by the way, the whole onus of the business rests, and to whom all the merit of success if attained is attributable, is mounted in what is termed, in New England, a *chaise*, that is to say, an old-fashioned gig with a top. In this convenience he kneels down, with his left leg out of the carriage, and his foot firmly planted on the step, holding his gun ready to shoot at an instant's notice. The driver, perceiving the birds as they are running and feeding on the open surface, selects one according to his judgment, and drives round it rapidly in concentric circles, until he gets within gunshot of it, and perceives by its motions that it will not permit a nearer approach. He then makes a short half turn from it, pulling the horse short up at the same instant; and at that very same instant, for the sandpiper rises invariably at the moment in which the chaise stops, the shooter steps out lightly to the ground, and kills his bird before it has got well upon the wing.

"In the timing of all this various work on the part of the driver and the gunner, there is a good deal of skill requisite, and of course a good deal of excitement. But the real sport and the real skill are both on the part of the driver; whose duty it is to deliver his marksman as nearly as possible to the game, yet never to run the thing so close as to allow the sandpiper to take the wing before he has pulled up.

"The difference in the judgment and skill of the drivers is immense; and there is one gentleman in New York, a well-known and old friend of the public, who is said to be so infinitely superior to all others, that the gun in his

chaise, even if it be handled by the inferior shot, is sure to come off the winner. It is not unusual, I am told, to bag from twenty to twenty-five couple of these delicious birds in a day's sport in this manner; and I have heard of infinitely greater quantities being brought to bag."

In wild-fowl or water-fowl shooting America has the advantage over England, from the number of her lakes, the immense extent of her rivers and embouchures, with the varied character and climate of her sea-coast. A still greater advantage arises from the comparative paucity of population: irregular fowlers may pursue the water birds; but they cannot on the same scale as in the case of land birds, where every parish-boy with a musket may do mischief. To those who are partial to this kind of sport America still offers great temptations; but it is chiefly on the sea-coast or towards the embouchures of rivers. The inland waters, even in America, appear to have been acted upon by improvement; at least in New York and the older free States, with which Mr. Forester seems most conversant. This is his account of duck-shooting on the inland waters.

"In the Eastern and Midland States, unless on the borders of the great lakes, this sport of late years can hardly be said to exist at all. The birds are becoming rare and wild, and although still shot in sufficient numbers by the local gunners, on the streams of New Jersey, to supply the demands of the markets, they are not found numerous enough to justify the pursuit of the sportsman.

"Formerly, on the drowned lands of Orange county, on the meadows of Chatham and Pine Brook, on the Passaic and its tributaries, before the modern system of draining and embanking, hundreds, nay, thousands of acres, were annually covered with shallow water at the breaking up of winter; and the inundated flats were literally blackened with all the varieties of duck which I have heretofore enumerated, affording rare sport to the gunner, and alluring gentlemen from the larger cities to follow them with the canoe; in a day's paddling of which among the inundated groves and over the floated meadows, it was no unusual event, nor regarded in anywise as extraordinary good fortune, to kill a hundred fowl and upward of the different varieties; all of which, however, are alike in one respect, that they are all delicious eating. I have myself been in the habit of considering the summer duck as the most delicate and succulent food of the inland, as distinguished from the ocean ducks: but this, I believe, owing greatly, if not entirely, to its being the best fed of its genus in the regions wherein I have been wont to eat it; for I understand that on the great lakes, and in the Western country generally, the blue-winged teal is regarded as its superior in epicurean qualifications.

"All that kind of shooting is now at an end

in this district of country; and although they still abound on the great lakes, along the Canada frontier, and Eastward in the British provinces, the vast extent of those inland seas which they there frequent, renders it impossible, or, at least, so difficult as to become irksome to take them, except by lying at ambush on points over which they fly, and on the woody margins of the forest-streams and inlets, which they frequent for the purpose of feeding and roosting. In such localities, where streams, debouching into the great lakes, flow through submerged and swampy woodlands, the ducks of all kinds are wont to fly regularly landward, in large plumps, or small scattered parties, for an hour or two preceding sundown; and a good shot well concealed in such a place, with a good double gun, loaded with No. 4 up to BB, as may be the nature of his ground and the species of his game, will frequently return from a single evening's expedition loaded with twenty or thirty couple of wild fowl."

It may seem strange that Mr. Forester should give accounts from which a conclusion is deduced so much at variance with the usual idea of game in America; and perhaps something may be allowed for the fact just mentioned, that he seems more conversant with the older settled free States than with those of the South and West, or with the British possessions towards the North. In the West, however, sport—that is, shooting systematically and over trained dogs—is not introduced; and in the South it is not every one that could stand the climate. Possibly, also, Mr. Forester's agitation in favor of game-laws may have tempted him to paint the scarcity of game as greater than it really is. Still, the facility of locomotion by steam-boat and railway does to a great extent the work of increasing population; easily transporting the city poacher (though in law no more a poacher than Mr. Forester) to a distance, and enabling the pot-hunters of remote places to transmit their spoils to the gourmands of the city. This is his lamentation over snipe and woodcock shooting on the "Drowned Lands" of Orange county.

"The shooting on that ground is now ended. The Erie railway passes within ten miles of it, and it is now overrun with city poachers and pot-hunters; besides being shot incessantly by the farmer's boys and village idlers of the neighborhood, who have begun to compete with the New York vagabonds in supplying the markets with game.

"I confess that I have often wondered that the owners of these tracts have not had the shrewdness to discover that by enforcing the laws, and prohibiting trespassers, they might annually let the shooting of these ranges for very considerable sums. 'The Drowned Lands' are in general held in large farms, and the best

shooting is all owned, comparatively speaking, by a very few individuals. I have not the slightest hesitation in saying that if some half-dozen or eight farmers, whose land I know, would resolutely put an end to all shooting on their premises, they could readily let the right of shooting to an association of gentlemen, at a price which would put a hundred dollars annually into each of their pockets.

"I could find the gentlemen who would give it, and be but too glad of the opportunity; and who, looking forward to enjoyment of the same sport in future years, would neither wantonly annihilate the stock, nor do the mischief to the grass crops and fences which continually results from the incursions of the loafers and vagabonds who compose the great bulk of rural sportsmen. I really should greatly rejoice at seeing something of this sort attempted. Its effect would be most beneficial on the preservation of game generally throughout the United States."

It is Mr. Forester's opinion that little of the mechanical part of sporting can be taught, and that that little is better taught by example than by precept. Practice is the only method of acquiring certainty of aim and readiness in firing. The different results which are found in the success of equal shots are owing to a knowledge of the haunts and habits of different birds, and special observation of nature in the field. To facilitate the acquisition of this kind of knowledge is the main object of Mr. Forester's book; and he draws very freely upon the natural historians of America—Wilson, Audubon, Giraud, Godman, and others. American shooting is divided into three parts,—upland, analogous to our common shooting; bay or water-fowl shooting; and wild sports of the wilderness. Under each of these three heads Mr. Forester gives a list of the animals included in the division, with a full description of their forms and habits, quoted from one or more historians, occasionally interspersed with his own remarks, when he thinks addition, qualification, or correction needed. The directions, remarks, and anecdotes more distinctly applicable to the sportsman, follow in like manner, arranged under distinct heads, and, with some advice on dogs, guns, and the miscellanies of the sportsman, form the original part of the work; the natural history not being compilation so much as direct quotation.

Mr. Forester's manner is frank and earnest, with a little of the peculiar "hail fellow well met" style which belongs to the modern school of sporting writers. It does not, however, seem to be imitation in him, but natural, part of the mind and manners of the man; and his matter is of the same racy and original kind,—always clear and characteristic, with some of the freshness of the scenery in which his art and its subjects live, move, and have their

being. He has poetical feeling too, and can paint a picture. Here is one from summer woodcock shooting.

"I have taken the opportunity of making these observations on dog-breaking and dog-hunting in this place, because in summer woodcock shooting, above any other phase of the sport, an implicit obedience, great steadiness, and perfect stanchness are required in the dog. In quail or snipe shooting, you can see your dog the greater part of the time; you can observe his every motion; and can usually, if you are quick-sighted and ready-witted, foresee when he is about to commit a fault in time to check him. In summer shooting, we betide you if you entertain so wild a hope. You hunt darkling, catching sight of your four-footed companion only by snatches, often judging him to be on the point, because you have ceased to hear the rustle of his sinuous movement through the bushes; or because you have not seen his form gliding among the water-flats or fern so recently as you should have done, had he turned at his regular distance, and quartered his ground without finding game.

"It is not once in ten, nay, in twenty times, that you see him strike his trail, draw on it, become surer, and stand stiff. You lose him for a moment, look for him where he ought to be, and find him because he is there, pointing as you expected. A step or two forward, with your thumb on the hammer, and the nail of your forefinger touching the inside of your trigger-guard. Still he stands steady as a rock; and you know by the glare of his fixed eye, and the frown of his steadfast brow, and the slaver on his lip, that the skulking cock is within ten feet of his nose, perhaps within ten inches. You kick the skunk cabbages with your foot, or tap the bunch of cat-briars with your gun-muzzle—and flip-flap up he jumps, glances, half-seen for a second, between the stems of the alder bushes, and is lost to sight among the thick foliage of their dark green heads, before your gun-butt has touched your shoulder. But your eye has taken his line—the trigger is drawn, the charge splinters the stems and brings down a shower of green leaves, and among them you fancy that you have seen an indistinct something falling helplessly earthward—that you have heard the thud of his tumble on the moist ground. Nevertheless, anxious although you be, and doubtful of your own success, you stir not from the spot. At the report of the gun, your dog couched instantly; you can scarcely see him, so closely has he charged among the water-grass, with his nose pressed into the very earth between his paws.

"You drop your butt upon the toe of your boot, if the ground be very wet, and begin to load, rapidly, yet coolly and deliberately. Yes! you have killed him: you may see the feathers floating yonder, in the still murky air of the windless swamp. You half-cock your locks, and apply the caps; and, expectant of the coming order, Don lifts his nose wistfully. 'Hold up, seek dead;' and carefully, gingerly, as if he were treading upon eggs, knowing as well as

you do that the bird is dead, and knowing pretty well where he is, at a slow trot, moving his nose from this side to that, snuffing the tainted air, and whipping his flanks with his feathered stern, he draws onward at a slow trot. Now he has caught the scent, he straightens his neck, quickens his pace a little, decidedly and boldly, and stands firm. 'Good dog, fetch.' He stoops, picks up the dead bird, by the tip of the wing only, and brings him, without ruffling a feather. How conscious, how happy, how perfectly aware that he has merited your approbation, that you have both played your parts handsomely, as he hands you the trophy!"

A more general feature of interest than the sporting descriptions, merely as descriptions, is the illustration they afford of American opinions and the progress of agriculture and society. Some of these have been exhibited in the passages already quoted, and the book abounds with them. Field sports in America cannot be pursued so exclusively as in the old country; nor can game be preserved in the same way. There are, however, game-laws, as to seasons; and the laws against trespassers would suffice for game-preserving if the land-owners pleased. With the mass of people the game restrictions are as unpopular as they ever were in this country; and the sympathy of non-sporting citizens is with the poachers. Yet, strange to say, while game and game-laws are assailed in aristocratic Great Britain with

a view to their abrogation, and the Legislature is gradually yielding to the assault, something like a favorable leaning seems entertained for them by the States in Democratic America. This may be owing to the exertions of the sporting clubs, and of individuals through the periodical press, as well as to a fear that may arise in the minds of men not addicted to field sports, lest the indigenous races of animals should be wantonly extinguished. Be this as it may, a law against summer woodcock shooting in two counties, suggested by Mr. Forester, (though, as we have seen, he indulged in the sport himself,) has been passed by the State of New York, while his book was passing through the press. Hear his "Io triumphe."

"At the moment of correcting the press of this page, I learn that the game law, which I mentioned above as having been prepared by myself and submitted to the Sportsman's Club of New York, has been presented by petition from the counties of Rockland and Orange, has passed the Legislature of the State, and is now law for those two gallant counties. There is no more summer cock-shooting, gentlemen, in Orange or Rockland—the first two counties of America in which I ever pulled a trigger. Bravo, the river counties! Who will be the next to follow the glorious example? Long Island, Westchester, Putnam, Dutchess—and last, not least, New Jersey—the eyes of men are upon you!"

Spectator.

THE PROGRESS OF A BILL.

BY W. BLANCHARD JERROLD.

CHAPTER III. — MRS. PURSEY ASSERTS A WIFE'S PREROGATIVE.—MR. PURSEY ENTERTAINS MR. JULIUS MACFUM.

Old Solomon obeyed the injunctions of his master to the letter; and, as this piece of antiquated hideousness surveyed the weak points of Mrs. Pursey's establishment, and noted the internal economy of her household, a sneer played upon his lip, for he foresaw no demand upon his cunning—inasmuch as the place was extremely easy of access.

Though in her "heart of hearts" Mrs. Pursey was delighted with Mr. Macfum's kind present, and particularly with the wine, she did not feel entirely satisfied as to the rectitude of the donor's character. He was certainly very gentlemanly in his manners, and very good-looking, and, above all, evidently accustomed to high female society (he

paid many compliments to Mrs. Pursey); but she could not dislodge from her mind a certain "she knew not what," that made her very uncomfortable. She believed that she was not generally a suspicious person; far from it; but in this case she must say, she had her doubts. Henry might mark her words, and see whether or not she was right in her suspicions. All she would say to her husband was, "Beware." It is indisputable that women are more suspicious than men. How is this to be accounted for? Are they generally of a less generous disposition; or is it the greater acuteness of their sympathies, that enables them to discern with a quicker gaze the scoundrel beneath the blandishments of a dandy man of honor, or to read hypocrisy where blinder man reads consummate virtue?

The visitors who honored the Purseys with their company unanimously declared that the

two Wilsons were the finest specimens of that master it had ever been their good fortune to behold. At last Henry's vanity was so tickled by this inordinate praise of his friend's presents, that he caused two lamps to be made to throw a light upon the rich browns and greens of the flattered Buggins.

The fine fruity port that had been in bottle some twenty years, to the certain knowledge of Mr. Macfum (though old Solomon, who helped to bottle it, had been in the employ of Mr. Moss but eighteen months), was proudly treasured by Henry Pursey. In short, Pursey declared the filthy concoction manufactured by the Jew attorney to be the finest wine he had ever tasted, and he flattered himself he had swallowed some good wine in his time. His heart bounded with gratitude towards Macfum. It was flattering to his self-love that he should have awakened so instantaneous and sincere a friendship as that which it was very evident Macfum entertained for him; and he forthwith requested his wife to confine her disgraceful suspicions to her own bosom, and if she could not think as she ought to think, at least to treat his friend with the utmost courtesy whenever he might honor them with a visit. The wife, as in duty bound, promised to obey the commands of her husband, though, as she affirmed with some pertinacity, she still had her doubts. To show his utter disregard of his wife's suspicions, as well as to parade his most excellent wine, Pursey determined to bring all the resources of his diminutive establishment into requisition, and give a select dinner party, to consist of Macfum and two or three of his (Pursey's) young associates. It was in vain that Mrs. Pursey urged the absence of a fish-kettle, and the utter inefficiency of the kitchen range for the purpose. Henry was firm in his resolve — he would give the dinner. Where-upon (to do Mrs. Pursey justice) the little woman busied herself making the necessary preparations, shaping their slender means to the end in view with a skill worthy of Miss Cobbet. Macfum consented to honor Pursey with his company, provided the latter would promise not to waste "that choice vintage" on his guests. "For," said Macfum, "the man who gives much of his best wine at his dinner-parties, is ignorant of its value, and has to learn that after a certain point men don't know the difference between good and bad drink. And," added this self-denying individual, "for my part, I prefer a glass of light French wine, this weather. If you insist upon throwing away your port, mind, I shall be party to no such criminal proceeding, I warn you." But Pursey had determined to make

his entertainment in every way worthy of his distinguished guest; he therefore gave no heed unto the advice of his generous friend, but made up his mind to uncork a dozen of his port at least on the occasion. He took care, however, out of deference to Macfum's suggestion, to provide some light claret, so that his generous friend might indulge his preference. The party was to consist of six persons only, and on the day appointed for the festivity, poor little Mrs. Pursey was in a fever of excitement. In the early part of the day she was in a desperate state of anxiety lest the man she had hired to wait should disappoint her: then there was the chance of the salmon breaking; and then — who could tell? — the chimney might catch fire. In short, she was heard to declare to a female friend afterwards, that she would not bear so heavy a responsibility again for all she could think of. Yet maternal responsibilities in no way pressed heavily upon this lady's mind. She must have been oddly educated.

Pursey's four ordinary associates were punctual to the dinner hour. As they declared unanimously on their way to Chelsea, "they were always in time for a feed." Mr. Macfum, however, impressed the company with a sense of his importance, after the fashion of most lions, by keeping the dinner waiting for half an hour. This delay on the part of Macfum was never forgiven by Mrs. Pursey. Take this for a general rule — a man who has once kept a lady's dinner waiting for the space of half an hour, has lost her favor irrevocably.

Pursey's dinner passed off very quietly. With the dessert came the famous port. Macfum begged to be allowed to keep to the claret, as he had been recommended to drink no other wine, and very little of that. Pursey excused his friend, and passed the bottle on to his other guests, severally assuring them that they would find that port no common wine. They were all young men. They accepted the proffered port as of the very finest vintage, and tried to persuade themselves that they liked it.

Macfum observed them narrowly, and was pleased to find that they agreed with him in calling the wine in question a very fine glass of port.

"Deuced fine! upon my honor, Pursey," said Mr. Augustus Porson, a young man with an incipient moustache and a lisp. "The beeswing is perfect."

"My idea of a fine port, exactly," declared Mr. Arthur Murton. "There's a fine flavor of the wood." Mr. Murton's distinguishing characteristics were a love of the Brixton style

of hair-cropping, and a weakness in favor of French women.

"It's a nice dry wine — not too sweet," thought Mr. Muskey, whose mind was wholly absorbed in an unceasing contemplation of his symmetrical proportions. "Though I'm always afraid of port — it's apt to discolor my face."

And Mr. Alum could not appreciate the wine, inasmuch as his mouth was out of taste — his tongue rough. Thus the five young men drank from Pursey's pet bin; and, such is the force of imagination or blind ignorance of youth, they conceived that they were imbibing the very choicest vintage. Macfum made a study of this scene, for it was pregnant with a hopeful lesson to him. It was strong evidence of the gullibility of human nature, and the moral he drew from it was to this effect: — If you wish to dazzle a young man, you should appeal to his judgment without allowing him to exercise it. Thus, you would say to him, "The best judges have pronounced this port to be an exquisite wine: I give it to you, for I know you are a judge in these matters." He will then drink the most execrable stuff, and declare it to be of first-rate quality. You have appealed to his judgment, and forestalled it by giving the decision of the highest authorities on the question. An old man will not be dazzled in this way. When you have to deal with a man of the world — that is to say, with one who is used to the pettiness, the chicanery, and the vice of the world — for in the estimation of most men he is but a poor authority in any matter who is a stranger to the grosser phases of life — you must appeal directly to his judgment, accept it as final, and, moreover, thank him for it.

The young men, though they vowed that they had seldom tasted so fine a wine, were particularly abstemious while any of it remained upon the table. At first they smacked their lips as they sipped it, and passed the bottle about merrily; but very soon their "ardor effervescent" cooled, and they adjourned to the claret jug. Macfum noted this effect of Moss's concoction, and chuckled thereat. Macfum had a marvellous contempt for human nature, a contempt resulting from long study of its meaner phases. He was a philosopher in his way. Men, to his thinking, were but so many chess-men; life, the chess-board. Now the king held all in check; now the castle frowned defiance on the king; and now, in desperate strait, the king took refuge behind a pawn. And Macfum, in his complacent judgment, believed himself to be the Staunton of the game — the subtle player who could turn

the tables upon his foe, in spite of the most conflicting disadvantages. He felt that he could twist these five young men about his little finger, as the saying runs; and so in the plenitude of his own power, he contemplated their moral weakness — their forlorn gullibility, and pitied them.

The party over, the commotion in Mrs. Pursey's establishment gradually subsided, and again the tide of time rippled on quiescently.

In the first flush of wedded happiness, Henry had given his wife permission to open his letters; he now repented of this generosity. Macfum had lately persuaded him to rescind the absurd license, if he wished to lead a happy life. Macfum urged that it was all very well for boys and girls to keep up this insipid confidence, but that men of the world knew that it was impossible for any length of time. "Suppose, for instance," said Macfum, "I want you to join me in a visit to Mdle. Dellalanti's, at Richmond; how can I write to you while your wife opens your letters? The thing is impossible. And — hang it! — when we want to have a jolly night, how are you to be got at, if your wife sees all your letters? For her sake, as well as for your own, then, you should n't allow it."

Pursey, accordingly, ventured one morning to suggest that, as he did not see the letters that came to his wife, he thought she should restrain herself from opening his. To this proposition the wife replied that her husband was perfectly welcome to see every line she received, and that it was his own fault if he did not; and that, as she had always opened his letters hitherto, she should for the future. Henry met this assertion with a positive command that his letters be delivered to him unopened. This provoked a truly conjugal dialogue, and the two parted with mutual assurances of profound hatred. The bosom of Mrs. Pursey heaved with indignation, and having turned the matter over in her mind, she came to the conclusion that she had never been so grossly insulted before, and that she had made a wretched mistake in selecting for a husband the man whose hated name she bore. And then her thoughts turned to Pursey the lover, to Henry Pursey the devout worshipper at her feet, and she wept, and wished their courtship would come back again. She went to her bed-room and unpacked her wedding garments, and cried over them, and thought of the day when she pronounced the fatal "I will." Presently a postman's knock resounded through the house, and Mrs. Pursey started at the sound. She had resolved upon maintaining her right to open her husband's letters — at least some

semblance of his past confidence should yet be hers.

The letter was marked immediate, and ran as follows:—

“MY DEAR HARRY,—I wish to see you immediately on the most important business. The Overland Mail is in, and by it I have a letter from my uncle: the dilatory old ruffian excuses himself from sending any remittance per this post, and promises a double supply by the next. This is extremely unfortunate, inasmuch as the bill to which you were kind enough to attach your name for me becomes due the day after tomorrow. You know me too well to imagine that I would allow any harm to come to you if I could possibly avoid it. Really, one cannot place the least confidence in relations; they are so deuced crotchety. Pray meet me to-morrow at Perkins’s: I think I can arrange matters to our mutual satisfaction. Assuring you that I would make any sacrifice rather than allow you to be saddled with my bill, I am, as ever, dear Harry,

“JULIUS MACFUM.

“To Henry Pursey, Esq.

“I would not mention the matter to Mrs. Pursey. Women do not understand these matters. Perhaps it is a great blessing that they do not.—J. M.”

Mrs. Pursey had but the most indistinct notion of the nature of a bill. All she did know upon the subject was that it was some awful instrument that worried men to death. She now appreciated Henry’s reasons for withdrawing his confidence from her and she made up her mind to this, namely, that in married life confidence and truth are synonymous, and that secretiveness foreshadows wrong.

CHAPTER IV.—THE RENEWAL.

“So, Henry, I can now appreciate your motives for wishing me not to open your letters,” said Mrs. Pursey, on her husband’s return. “You see I have opened it,” she added, as Henry took up Macfum’s letter.

“And, pray, what discovery have you made, Madam?” asked the husband, angrily.

“Read the letter—read it. I knew what Mr. Macfum was, long ago.”

Pursey read the letter, folded it calmly, and seating himself with portentous deliberation, glanced indignantly at his wife. She met his look of anger with that provoking indifference which women can so well assume when bent upon having the best of an argument; and the pair sat for some minutes in silence, presenting no very encouraging picture of that phantom so

bruited about, and called “Wedded Bliss!”

At length the husband’s anger oozed out in speech, and a tart, connubial tiff ensued. Mr. Pursey failed in his attempt to exonerate his friend from any dishonest intention in the eyes of his wife; neither did he convince her that she had acted improperly in disobeying his injunctions as to the opening of his letters. Mrs. Pursey vouchsafed some truly feminine arguments in justification of her conduct. All she knew was that she had opened Mr. Macfum’s letter, and that she should continue to open any letter that came to the house. As she had said before, she had her doubts, and he (Pursey) must not blame her if he was ruined by his fine friend.

Utterly forgetful of his wife’s admonitions, and trusting implicitly in the sincerity of Macfum’s friendship, Pursey betook himself to the place of appointment at the hour indicated in Macfum’s letter. He found Macfum already there, and in a most desponding state of mind; and beside the dolorous Macfum sat Mr. Moss. The appearance of this latter personage was certainly not prepossessing; and indistinct ideas of his resemblance to the Jew attorneys painted by Dickens and others, floated before the mental vision of the unsophisticated youth. But a glance at Macfum reassured him. Pursey’s heart swelled with pity, and with a hope that he had yet the power to relieve his friend. Yes, come what may, he would stand by Macfum, for he was a fine hearted fellow.

“My dear boy, how are you?” said Macfum, in a tone of melancholy that would have thawed the coldest heart, as he grasped Pursey’s hand. “I scarcely know how to meet you.”

A minute observer might have detected a smile, or rather a savage grin, upon the oily features of Mr. Moss, as Macfum addressed Pursey. Pursey assured Macfum that he was quite ready to do anything that could extricate him from his trouble.

“Extricate Mr. Macfum!” interposed the Jew, with the demon-grin still upon his greasy features; “*you* are the acceptor of the bill, I believe; are you not?”

“I am so,” answered Pursey, in an embarrassed tone, and naturally turning to Macfum for a solution of the attorney’s mysterious words.

“Hang it, I shouldn’t care a rap if the consequences fell only on me. But it is you, my dear boy—it is your being involved in the matter, that cuts me to the heart,” said Macfum.

Still the attorney grinned, and could scarcely refrain from clapping his hands, in the hugeness of his approbation. Did he think he was

at the theatre? Did he, for the moment, fancy himself in the pit, witnessing the performance of a clever actor?

"What's to be done?" at length asked Pursey, anxious to be relieved from his alarm. "To what extent am I involved?"

"Didn't you read the amount? Here is the bill—for one hundred pounds, sir; only a hundred," said the Jew, chuckling. "I dare say, you will be glad to take it up for your friend, as the amount is not heavy."

"That is no affair of yours, Mr. Moss. You will not take it up, I know. I asked you here to see if we could come to some arrangement for the renewal of the bill. Your Jew's heart has no sympathy with a man's misfortunes. You'd thrust a writ into the clenched hand of a dying man—so utterly are you without any feeling beyond your sordid, grasping usurer's love of sixty per cent. You may retire, Mr. Moss, to do your worst. And if there is one recollection that can sweeten a man's death-bed more than another, it is, that on all hands it is agreed that there are no attorneys beyond the grave."

Mr. Moss rose in obedience to the impressive exhortation of Mr. Macfum, and prepared to take his departure. The man's colorless face quivered with rage; but the spirit that repels an insult dwelt not in his breast. He contented himself with shaking his instrument of torture (the bill) before the friends; and growling between his teeth, "You had better be punctual," shuffled out of the room.

"Is n't it melancholy to be in the hands of such a miscreant?" said Macfum, when the attorney had effected his disappearance from their presence. "Does n't it put one out of humor with human nature to see such utter animals, such grovelling brutes, crawl this earth, and with brazen impudence style themselves men. I've been talking to that fellow for the last two hours; I've put my ease to him, talked to him as man to man; but no, sir, he didn't see any distress—couldn't bring himself to sympathize with my misfortune. He's an old lump of ugly granite—the most sightless and degraded piece of Nature's pottery it has ever been my misfortune to meet. Upon my word, Pursey, it does one's heart good to meet you after such a fellow."

"Come, how can I assist you in this matter? I have n't sixpence at my command just now, so I fear I must be utterly powerless. I'll do anything in my power, but pray screen me from that Jew."

"My dear boy, you probably know that if I dishonor my bill, you are answerable for the amount."

"Good God, Macfum!" For the first time

Henry trembled as to the issue of the matter. So secure had he felt in Macfum's management of the business, that it had never struck him that he, more than his friend, was in danger.

"Pray don't alarm yourself, my dear Pursey," interrupted Macfum soothingly. "No harm shall come to you, depend upon it. I would lose my right hand rather than to see you scathed in this matter. My honor is at stake—need I say more?"

"Pardon me, my dear Macfum. You can understand my alarm. A demand upon me for such a sum"—

"Recollect, Pursey, that there is no demand upon you for a farthing. I trust you do not intend to put forth a supposition prejudicial to my honor as a gentleman."

"I am the last man in the world to say aught to offend you, Macfum. On the contrary, I cannot express to you the earnestness of my desire to be of some service to you in this dilemma." Pursey was now perfectly reassured; he had not mistaken Macfum: Macfum was a fine fellow.

"I have no favor to ask of you, Pursey," said Macfum, somewhat coldly; "and, as it is getting late, and I have an appointment at seven, I must be going."

Pursey was touched at this sudden change in the manner of his friend, and now thoroughly ashamed of his own past fears. He insisted, therefore, upon detaining Macfum that he might thoroughly restore himself in his good opinion. Macfum reluctantly yielded to Pursey's entreaty.

"My dear Macfum," said the latter, with emotion, "I have, however unwillingly, wounded your feelings. We are friends of but short acquaintance, yet I trust that, nevertheless, we entertain for each other a regard not often won so suddenly. I must confess to you that you have awakened in me a strong friendship for you, and great admiration for your talents; and all I have to beg of you is, that in your need you will not withhold from me the pleasure of serving you to the utmost of my power. I see you embarrassed. As your friend, I ask you earnestly, can I serve you?"

"I must own, Pursey, that I felt hurt by some exclamations which escaped you a few minutes ago. But now I understand you, and, believe me, any past feeling of pique shall be forgotten. I will be equally candid with you, seeing that you are so truly my friend, and will at once own that you can serve me, and effectively. I would rather not, however, put you to the test, since your refusal must at once put an end to our acquaintance; inasmuch as it would imply want of confidence on your part in my honor."

"My dear fellow, I promise beforehand."

"Well, then, unsolicited by me, you consent to accept another bill to the amount of that previously accepted by you for me. It is only a matter of form, to delay the payment of the other three months. You see your acceptance of this will enable me to pay that due in a few days, so that I shall gain the time that must expire before the arrival of my remittance."

Henry at once assented to this pausable proposition, signed the bill, and took leave of his friend, without any misgiving at his heart.

And Macfum, who always persuaded Moss to cash his bills, on the assurance that his aristocratic acquaintance would rather pay the amount ten times over than see him (Macfum) locked up, wended his way to the Attorney's office, confident in the result of the visit.

CHAPTER V.—THE ACCEPTOR GETS OUT OF THE WAY.

Henry Pursey returned home on the evening of his interview with Macfum and Mr. Moss, with the consoling intelligence that he and his friend had arranged matters to their mutual satisfaction. In spite of Mrs. Pursey's affectionate assurance, that she could not believe anything he said now, Henry contrived to sleep that and six consecutive nights. On the seventh evening, however, he returned home in no enviable state of mind; and Mrs. Pursey was not long in discovering his anxiety. Whereupon, he underwent a tedious cross-questioning upon the subject, which did not contribute to lighten his care. That evening he felt himself certainly not the "superior animal," for it was his duty to be the bearer of tidings of his own stupidity. He had that morning received the following letter from Macfum:—

"MY DEAR PURSEY,—I have sad news to communicate. I cannot get the second bill cashed, and Moss refuses to accept it as payment for the first, of course. What the deuce is to be done? The bill is due to-morrow (Saturday). You had better get out of the way for a few days, till I can arrange the matter. My dear boy, I am exceedingly grieved that you should be put to this inconvenience on my account. The world is coming to a pretty state of things, is it not, when a gentleman can't get a bill for a paltry hundred cashed? Upon my word, I am so tired of the rascalities and pettinesses of London, that I begin to have serious thoughts of putting a ring through my nose, eschewing paletots and trousers, being tattooed after an artistic design (as a parting gift to native talent), and settling

upon the Oronoko with a few squaws and a calumet. Joking aside, I would earnestly advise you, my dear fellow, to take a run out of town for a day or two; and, depend upon it, no exertion shall be wanting on my part to effect an arrangement with that old sinner, Moss.—Yours, as ever,

JULIUS MACFUM."

"Tell your wife and family to be careful how they open the street door, as one of Moss's men will be lurking about; and if he gets in, it will play the deuce with you.—J. M."

Pursey had certainly an humiliating part to perform in communicating the purport of this letter to his wife. He stammered terribly as he began his recital; that is to say, he hinted a point, then blundered round about his meaning, for he dreaded the sarcasms which the discovery of the result of his acceptance would provoke from his shrewd spouse. He still had faith in his friend's integrity, but he could not now deny that he had acted foolishly in risking the happiness of himself and family to oblige a man who was a comparative stranger to him.

"Now, Henry, I must insist upon knowing the reason of this gloom. A woman has a right to her husband's confidence." Mrs. Pursey was an earnest advocate of the rights of woman, and was so fearful of being looked upon as the slave of her husband, that she opposed his opinions at every opportunity, and vindicated the independence of her sex, at the expense of her happiness as a wife. At every turn the rights of woman were flung in Pursey's teeth; and at length he declared, that in his opinion, the rights of married women appeared to be the privilege of tormenting and abusing, and setting at defiance the life, the principles, and the commands of their lords and masters; and he, moreover, showed his sense of the fallacy of his wife's doctrines, by making an organ-boy a present of three volumes of Mrs. Ellis, which Mrs. Pursey had contrived to buy out of the housekeeping money. Mrs. Pursey declared, that if it should be their misfortune to have a girl born to them, she would try and prevail upon the authoress of the "Women of England" to educate the little thing. Pursey, however, contented himself with this significant rejoinder to his wife's declared determination—"Will you?" Everybody complimented Pursey upon his marriage with a strong-minded woman: but I am afraid that self-congratulation was not the long result of his union with his wife. A woman who is ever intent upon measuring her intellect against her husband's, is a wife whom few can covet, or, possessing, can long love.

"I shall leave town for a few days on Sun-

day," declared Pursey, with affected carelessness.

"My dress won't be home before Monday night," suggested the wife.

"I can't see what that has to do with my excursion."

"Upon my word, Henry, things have come to a delightful pass! I never, in the whole course of my life, heard of such behavior! And where are you going, may I ask?"

"I've not made up my mind yet. I'm going on business."

"With Mr. Macfum, I suppose," suggested Mrs. Pursey, pointedly.

"On Mr. Macfum's business, as you guess," continued the husband, with assumed composure. "In short, that little affair between myself and Macfum has accidentally assumed a most unfortunate complexion, and it is necessary for me to get out of the way for a week or ten days."

"My dear Henry, I told you how it would be! You stupid, good-natured fellow, you'll be ruined some of these days by your provoking easiness." Pitying her husband's distress, the petty triumph of her prognostications was forgotten, and Mrs. Pursey actually gave vent to tears of sympathy. Here the woman vindicated her natural position, and the artificial state, to which certain writers would lower her, gave way, and she appeared in the true and most beautiful sphere of a woman's influence. "Will they put you in prison?"

"No, no; nonsense." And Pursey affected to laugh at the bare idea of such a contingency; though, to say truth, visions of an unpleasantly protracted game at rackets, had crossed his mind more than once in the course of the day. "Macfum's strict sense of honor will not allow him to see me brought to ruin, depend upon it, Mary."

"I've no such high notion of Mr. Macfum's honor. If he means well, why does he put you to the necessity of hiding away from your home?"

"It's only a matter of prudence."

"Yes, to keep you from the clutches of a sheriff's officer, I suppose."

"Everything will be arranged in a day or two, I tell you."

"And you really leave town to-morrow night, do you?"

"Certainly."

"A pretty prospect for me! Here am I to be left, with only one bit of a servant in the house, to watch the movements of two dirty fellows who'll be skulking about day and night, and perhaps bribe Ann to let them in; and all because you choose to trust the happiness of, I may say, your wife, and, if it had been a

month or two later, your child, to the mercy of that Mr. Macfum, whom you met in some tavern, when you had both had more than was good for you. Upon my word, Henry, I haven't patience with you."

"It's no use croaking over a folly past, made by your ungenerous view of it almost a crime. I tell you I must leave town to-morrow afternoon, that there's no help for it, and that you must not tell anybody where I am gone."

"Pretty goings on in a decent house! What will the Medlars say? and I asked them to take tea with us on Tuesday."

"Then you must put them off—or smuggle them in."

"They are friends of *my* family, not of yours; recollect that. And if I smuggle them in, as you say, *my* family is compromised; yours is not so particular."

"Don't talk to me about your family and friends—a set of nobodies."

After this fashion did this young couple discuss the impending calamity. Mrs. Pursey, throughout the morning preceding her husband's departure, indulged in alternate fits of anger and grief. Now she vowed that her husband ought to be ashamed of himself; and now she wondered what would become of him amongst a set of foreigners at Boulogne—for to this delightful region was Pursey bound; to Boulogne—that convenient refuge from duns and creditors—that blessed retreat where brandy is cheap, and where every day is a Sunday to the despairing debtor. Late in the afternoon Macfum arrived to escort his friend to the vessel that was to bear him "beyond the seas." Mrs. Pursey gave her husband's friend a frosty welcome, for which Pursey afterwards apologized, alleging as an excuse his wife's ignorance of legal matters. Macfum would have been wanting in generosity, had he refused to accept Pursey's explanation. Besides, who knew better than Macfum woman's proneness to exaggerate the most common legal form into the most agonizing calamity. He was wont to relate an anecdote of a lady who went into fits when she saw a policeman knock at her door with a summons compelling the attendance of her husband to answer the charge of refusing to pay a cabman his just fare.

Macfum's dejection on this painful occasion was truly touching. To see his most intimate friend thus torn, though but for a few days, from his dear home, was to him, he said, a most harrowing scene. He would give worlds to prevent it. But he was, unhappily, for the moment, powerless. He intended proceeding by the early train on the morrow morning, in search of Lord Condiment who was on a shooting excursion somewhere in the Highlands.

Meantime, he thought, candidly, that Pursey had better take a trip to Boulogne: he might get back to dine with his wife on the following Sunday. Thus reasoned the considerate Macfum, and his plausible manner of putting the circumstances of the case, modified considerably the harshness of Mrs. Pursey's judgment with respect to him.

As Mrs. Pursey busied herself (with tears in her eyes), cramming shaving tackle, linen, &c., into one little carpet bag, Macfum stood apart, his eyes steadfastly fixed upon a moss-rose in the carpet, his arms crossed, and his whole bearing denoting profound regret for the trouble into which he had brought his friend. Pursey, on the contrary, tried to look uncon-

cerned, and gazed and smiled upon his wife as she packed all the little necessities which a man alone would forget, but of which a wife invariably takes care.

In vain did Pursey endeavor to engage Macfum's attention on indifferent subjects. Macfum's gravity was immovable. At last Pursey arose, took a farewell of his wife (who by this same time was in the most pathetic crying fit,) and, accompanied by Macfum, sought his berth on board the *City of Boulogne* packet—a fine seaworthy ship, a packet accounted safe, commanded by the courteous Tune.

(*To be continued.*)

SECTS AND SECTARIES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

CHARLES FOURIER.

Civilization has, within a century, made rapid strides. Liberty, education, enlightenment, have made rapid progress. Looking back to the good old times, as they are more facetiously than seriously called, we find nothing to regret. Famine, pestilence, bloody civil war; quarrels of kings and princes and priests, setting the world together by the ears; towns, more like lazar-houses than healthy dwelling places for man; the poor looked on as mere tools and engines of power, swept off in thousands by the sword, starvation, and plague—their bodies degraded, their minds dark rooms where no light ever penetrated; such are some of the features of those days, which philosophers in kid gloves and white waistcoats are apt to lament. Still we are far from having arrived at perfection. Civilization and Christianity have much yet to do. They must penetrate, not our outward institutions only, not our theories only, but they must enter into our polity, become our system, and be the guide and lamp of our acts. It is quite a modern discovery that government is made for the people, and not the people for the government. This allowed, it is equally clear that we have a perfect right to choose that form of government which most suits our wishes, our wants, and is best capable of affording happiness to all portions of the community. No justice can enter into our calculations, if we talk or think of classes. We must legislate for mankind, whose rights are as sa-

cred in the hovel as in the palace. God's creatures both, man alone has made any difference in them. Both have an equal right to the item of power which in society every man possesses. But modern society, following in the beaten track of mere force, whose exponent is money, has not followed this line of policy. Government has hitherto been a system of exclusion. A number of men, more audacious, more wealthy than the rest—more cunning, more astute than the multitude—have banded themselves together, and, under fine names, supported by venal fear and the selfishness of exclusive humanity, have got into their hands land, power, religion, justice, learning, happiness—everything which makes the world of the Almighty precious and great. The masses of society have become, in their hands, hewers of wood and drawers of water, machines to fight, to dig, to sow, to reap; in a word, to minister to the wants of the band of audacious exclusives, who—aristocracy, patrician, oligarchy—whatever they be called, monopolize every thing good in life, save the hope of the next.

The magnitude of this evil, in no country more materially flagrant than in England, where, until of late years, a few men monopolized legislation, army, navy, church, law, physic—every road, in fact, which led to honor and renown, (they could not monopolize genius, and hence exceptions)—has led to an opposition on the part of the excluded, of the

suffering, of the outlaws from the pale of what the aristocracy, whether of birth, wealth, or merit, call society and the world. Sensible and thoughtful men, the great reformers of all ages, those who aim at the real improvement of society, have imagined that the evil lay in one simple fact—the residence of power in the hands of a class. To remedy this, they propose to treat all men as men; to spread the life of the body politic, not only amid the boughs and lofty branches, but into the trunk and the roots; and hence the desire for democratic progress, which is nothing more than the just distribution of God's gift of manly independence and right. All men are equally interested in the honor and glory and tranquillity of their country. The duke, with £200,000 sterling per annum has not one tithe more interest in preserving order than the bricklayer with 10s a week, who, in disorderly times, must be idle and starve. But other men go farther. They say that universal suffrage is a vain gift. Of course it is. But if, with universal suffrage, the nation cannot choose men who will do justice to all classes, it is then their own fault. But the new philosophers argue that the evils are social, and not political. Agreed. But as all social evils arise from two sources—natural difficulties and bad government—it is only good legislation which can provide for the social evils.

But the new philosophy will accept no medium. Society is bad altogether. It is rotten and must perish, and something else be constituted in its stead. What? That is difficult to discover. Fourier says one thing, Louis Blanc another, Cabet another, Leroux another, Owen another, Proudhon another, and between all their systems a reasoning man finds himself in an inextricable maze of earthly paradises, amongst which the difficulty is only to choose. Most of the schemes have little novelty about them, especially in form. Plato's "Republic," More's "Utopia," Campanella's "Civitas Solis" and "Monarchia Messiae," Harrington's "Oceana," Hall's "Mundus Alter," even Bacon's "Opus Major," Giordano Brun's "Spacio della bestia Triomphante," Cardan, Vanini, Telerio, Nicolas de Munster, Savanarola, all, and hundreds of others, teach more or less a new system of society or of politics. They want, however, all the monstrous ideas of modern imitators, who, despairing of doing anything in reason which would be novel, have sought notoriety by the mere absurdity of their theories.

Christianity, though its sublime and pure tenets have never yet been fully developed, is still the basis of all modern civilization. It is from it that we take our respect for morality,

for chastity, for the ties of family; it is from it that we learn not to covet that which is not our own, and to respect the rights of others; from it we learn to love even our enemies. Christianity, setting aside its divine origin, is the foundation-stone of all that is great, and good, and sublime in later human society; all that is evil in civilization are departures from the noble tenets of this pure faith; it is the rock of democracy and the banner of the poor man. Every form of tyranny and oppression, whether monarchical or aristocratic, is anti-Christian, and hateful to God. Every dogma and idea on which democracy rests are found in Holy Writ, which in every page sends forth the great truths of liberty, equality, and fraternity.

The philosophers of the new civilization are essentially anti-Christian. Charles Fourier, of whom we now treat, is more particularly an Epicurean. His theories, when not absurd, are wicked. Some are very old and stupid. But the whole form, perhaps, the most monstrous agglomeration which either madness, eccentricity, or depravity ever combined together. Charles Fourier has the merit of being a hard-working student. He was a poor man, and probably to a certain extent sincere. Early in life he took a dislike to society, as do many uncourageous beings, who, conscious of their own superior faculties, have not the *audace* and the energy to make the world accept them. Society has a rough touchstone whereby to try merit—success. It is not always right, but generally. Men of real talent have failed, but not often. If they do, they want a portion of talent. The possession of superior faculties is not very rare, but the art of using them is. Real genius always succeeds more or less, because genius is both able to conceive and execute. Marat hated society, because it had neglected him; Fourier hated society, because it had placed him in an humble position; Louis Blanc, devoured by ambition and *egoisme*, hated society, because he suffered young, and thinks himself unappreciated. But this is utter selfishness; and society, perceiving this, accepts the small mite of good these men contribute, without thanks, because it has been attacked in its very roots to gratify either the vanity, ambition, or vengeance of a man.

Of Fourier as a man we must speak rapidly—his theories are of more importance. Of a morbid, suspicious temperament, without gentleness and forbearance—I do not go so far as the eminent Lamennais, who says he had all the vices, and none of the virtues of humanity—Fourier viewed only the dark side of society. In marriage, he only saw the exception—adul-

tery; in politics, the abuse — corruption; in industry, he could not see the happy thousands supported by its ramifications; he only saw the misery of the unemployed and overworked. He saw in the world nothing but battles, murders, death, misery, prostitution, theft. He could not see pure love, gentle affection, the delights of well-assorted marriages, the ineffable charms of paternity, the pleasure of doing good, the thousand mercies and blessings which God has placed beside the ills of life, and most of all, the great hope of the future, the radiant aspirations of the imprisoned soul for eternity. But Fourier was a dark and gloomy theorist, a solitary student, who rejected marriage and then abused it; who shut himself out from society, and then made war upon it.

Practical reformers — those who are ready to study the ills that exist, and to do all in the power of man to remedy what is defective — are far less common than mere system-mongers. The possible, the real, the practical, is a difficult, and often thankless task. It demands rare qualities — knowledge of what is, and a practical mind to carry out improvement. Far different with your system-mongers and theorists. Their results are magnificent. They promise a paradise on earth. They say, give me a certain state of things, and I guarantee universal happiness. That is — grant me the impossible, and I will give you the impossible in return.

Man is an imperfect and fallible being. His existence is a struggle between the animal and the spiritual life. His passions, wholly unregulated, lead him to crime, to error, to misery, to folly, from all of which the mind attempts to restrain him. To aid the mind in this task, we have education and religion, and an innate sense of right, which we call conscience. It appears also that our existence in this world is one of probation; hence it is an existence of mingled smiles and tears, but, as all frank men will allow, with the smiles predominating.

But Fourier cannot see the matter in this light. His view is, that we have misunderstood the passions, that we have not given them a proper position. He conceives that it is in allowing our passions fair play, or rather full swing, that happiness is to be reached in this world. He believes that we and the Creator have misunderstood each other for five thousand years. It was under this impression that he wrote his "*Theorie des Quatre Mouvements*," which, published in 1808, is only beginning now to be much noticed. In this work exists his whole system, his other productions being mere expletives. He proposes

at once to abolish the family home, to substitute the home of society, to organize mankind in phalanxes, and to produce the reign of universal harmony, the result of "*L'attraction Passionnée*," or free liberty given to the passions. Agricultural associations, alternated labor, short hours of work, cosmogonic phases of the globe, remuneration applied to the sciences, arts, and letters, the principle of universal analogy, are all here found.

Charles Fourier is a kind of materialist; as Reybaud has said, "he was a pantheist in the way of St. Simonien, a sensualist of the school of Locke and Condillac." The mind is much less with him than the body; according to him, this arises from his desire to reorganize the body before he reorganizes the soul; instincts having to be satisfied like passions, wants as well as sentiments. The old principle of the struggle of good and evil, can have no connection with a scheme which argues the necessity and legitimacy of giving way to all the impulses of the mind and of the flesh.

Fourier thinks that he has settled all objections when he states that the summit of his system is God. His materialism is not concealed by this. His notion appears to be, as far as we can make it out amid *Cis-legomenes*, *Inter-liminaires*, *Epi-sections*, *Citer-logues*, *Citra-poses*, &c., that God, man, and the universe, absolute, infinite beings all, are absorbed and confounded. God is all that is, or rather God is not at all; such is the meaning of what is wrapped up so quaintly. Still, in certain passages, as much from habit as anything else, Fourier talks about the Creator and the creature, about God as a being, and Christianity as a belief which tends towards correct religious notions.

But all this is trivial in his eyes alongside his philosophy. He starts with three principles, eternal and indestructible — God or nature, matter, justice or mathematics. In the all-power of God, he finds the cause, and in his justice the reason of all general destinies. The universal will is manifested and testified by universal attraction; attraction in humanity, attraction in animality, attraction in inorganic bodies. It is this attraction which *pivotant sur elle meme*, produces incessantly, destroys incessantly. Hence five movements — material movement, attraction of the world; organic movement, emblematic of attraction in the perfecting of substances; intellectual movement, attraction of the passions and instincts; animal movement, attraction of imponderable bodies; social movement, attraction of man towards his future destinies. From universal attraction has been born universal analogy, resulting, according to Fourier, from

a mathematical law. All passions have their analogy in nature, from atoms to worlds. Thus the faculty of friendship is copied from the faculties of the circle; those of love from the ellipsis! Pure drivelling!

His cosmogony is of a similar character. Fourier pretends to second-sight. He knows all about how the world began, and when it is going to end. Other prophets are fools to him. The earth will have a duration of eighty thousand years; he knows it; forty thousand years of progress, forty thousand of decline. Included in this are eight thousand years of *apogee*. It is now scarcely an adult; it is only seven thousand years old, and has known but the irregular, weakly, irrational existence of childhood; but the world is now on the verge of youth; will then become mature, when will be the culminating point of its happiness, afterwards to go down the hill towards decrepitude. Fourier knows all this from the law of analogy. The world, like man, like animals, like plants, is intended to be born, to grow, to develop itself, and to perish. The only difference is in duration, and that it wants the first element of growth, increase in size. As to the creation, God made sixteen species of men—nine on the old continent—seven in America—all submitted to the law of unity and universal analogy. Nevertheless, in producing the actual world, God reserved to himself the right of successive creations, in order to change the face of it. These creations will extend to eighteen. All creations are operated by the conjunction of the austral fluid and the boreal fluid. Hitherto but one of these has taken place; the rest are waiting for the proper medium, the *viable* medium, the medium of harmony. Then men shall have cultivated the globe to the sixteenth parallel, and orange trees will flower in Siberia; a boreal crown, a species of ring like that of Saturn, will fix itself on the North Pole, dissolve all the ice, and render its rivers navigable. At the same time, a sudden decomposition of the ocean waters will extract the saline portion, and make of the living sea a wholesome and pleasant drink. Fourier forgets that the ocean would then stink—by no means a desirable consummation. But rightly to appreciate the philosophy of the head of a great seer, we must quote his words:—

“To think that the earth,” he says,* “will produce no other creations, and will confine itself to those which we see, would be to believe that a woman who has had one child, cannot have a second, a third, a tenth. The earth will make successive creations. The

first creation, of which we see the results, gave us an immense quantity of hurtful beasts upon the land, and more still in the sea. Those who believe in demons, must they not believe that hell presided at this creation, when they see Moloch and Belial breathe in the form of the tiger and the monkey? And what could hell, in all its fury, invent worse than the rattle-snake, the bug, the legions of insects and reptiles, the marine monsters, poisons, the plague, leprosy, madness, the gout, la——, and so many other morbid venoms, invented to torment man, and make of this globe a hell by anticipation? We shall presently see what kind of products the future creations of the sea and land will give. As for the present, we know not how properly to use the little good furnished by the first creation, and I will quote four quadrupeds as a proof—the llama, the reindeer, the zebra, and the beaver. We are deprived of the two first by our unskillfulness, our maliciousness, and rascality. These obstacles alone prevent whole flocks of llamas and reindeer being raised in all mountain-chains, where these animals would become acclimated. Other social vices deprive us of the beaver, not less precious for its wool than the llama; and the zebra, not less precious than the horse for its velocity, vigor and beauty. There reigns in our stables, and in our social customs, a rudeness, a misintelligence, which does not allow our undertaking the necessary operations for taming these animals. We shall see in the eighth period of creation, which is the next, zebras and quaggas living in a domestic state like horses and donkeys; we shall see beavers constructing their edifices, and forming their republics, in the very centre of their most habited cantons; we shall see troops of llamas as common in our mountains as flocks of sheep. * * Thus this creation, already poor and hurtful, is doubly poor for us. By social misunderstanding, we are deprived of the major part of the good things which the three reigns might offer us. Nevertheless, the earth is violently agitated; this may be perceived by the frequency of the aurora borealis, which are a symptom of the rut of the planet, a useless emission of the prolific fluid. This boreal fluid cannot form its conjunction with the austral fluid, until the human race have made the preparatory labors. For this the human race must have reached the *petit complet* of two thousand millions, which will take at least a century, as women are far less fruitful in the *combined order* than in civilization, where the life of home has a great tendency to the birth of children. Misery eats up one third, sickness another. Better produce less and

* *Theorie des Quatre Mouvements*, pp. 61 to 77. Edit. 1898.

preserve them. This is impossible to the civilized. For this reason they cannot cultivate the globe; and, despite their frightful increase, they cannot keep in order the land they occupy. As soon as the two thousand millions of inhabitants shall have made use of the globe to the sixty-fifth degree, the boreal crown will appear, to give heat and light to the arctic icy regions. This new land offered to the human race will bring it to the *grand complet* of three thousand millions.

"*The Boreal Crown.*—When the human race have used the land to the sixtieth degree north, the temperature of the planet will have become much more mild and regular. The rut will have acquired more activity; the aurora borealis, having become more frequent, will fix itself upon the pole, and will widen into the form of a ring or crown. The fluid, which is now only luminous, will acquire a new property, that of distributing heat with light. The influence of the boreal crown will be strongly felt unto one third of its hemisphere; it will be visible at St. Petersburg, Ochotsk, and all the circumjacent regions. From the sixtieth degree to the pole, the heat will go on augmenting, so that the polar point will enjoy about the temperature of Andalusia or of Sicily."

Another result of this change is to be a more equal climate. The reasons upon which Fourier founds his argument are blasphemous or absurd. He talks of "God being ridiculous" if he had not intended this result. He asks, too, why we should not have a boreal crown, as well as Saturn have rings? Ay, why not? Why am I not Emperor of Russia, or why was not Fourier Grand Kahn of the Tartars? After showing us all the advantages of this new kind of creation, he enters into minute details which bespeak an intimate acquaintance with the designs of Providence:—

"It is well understood that these ameliorations will be modified by the high mountains and neighborhood of the seas, above all at the three points of the continent, near to the Austral Pole, which will have a new crown, and remain for ever buried in cold. This will not prevent the lands near this Pole from participating in divers ways in the influence of the crown, which, among other benefactions, will change the savor of the sea, and decompose or precipitate the bitumenous particles by the expansion of a *boreal citric acid*! This fluid, combined with the salt of the sea, will give to the ocean water a taste like that of a certain lemonade called *aigrescl*. This water can then easily be deprived of its saline particles, as well as the citric ones, and be brought thus to be fresh water. Ships will thus have no need of a stock of water."

This wonderful result is only preliminary to

peopling the ocean with serviceable animals, instead of the horrible creatures which Providence has placed to float there. These will be cut off by the boreal fluid. "A sudden death will purge the ocean of these *infames creatures*, images of our passions." The Caspian Sea, Lake Aral, and even the Black Sea, Lakes Tschad, Jeltonde, and of Mexico, will very slowly feel the operation of the boreal fluid; and man, as soon as he catches a glimpse of the boreal, is to make a new Noah's ark of them, and there preserve all the useful denizens of the ocean, while it is going through the great remedy. The sea once regenerated, and all dangerous monsters extirpated, they will be popped back.

But no man can have any idea of the conceptions of the master whom Victor Considerant and others follow, who does not go through all his works. One tremendous specimen will give a pretty correct notion:—

"Let us analyze," he says,* "the modulation, a series of red fruits, created by the earth and its key of five moons, which are, *Mercury, Juno, Ceres, Pallas, and Phœbina*, called *Vesta*, more the *Ambiguë*, called *Venus*. The planets being androgyne, like plants, *copulent avec eux-mêmes*, and with the other planets. Thus the earth, by union with herself, and by fusion of her two typical aromas, the masculine to the North Pole, the feminine to the South, will engender the *cerisier* or cherry-tree and under-pivotal fruit of the red fruits, and accompanied by the five fruits of the *gamut*, namely:—

"The earth, in union with Mercury, her principal and fifth satellite, will bring forth the strawberry.

"With Pallas, her fourth, the black currant.

"With Ceres, her third, the gooseberry.

"With Juno, her second, the red and white currant.

"With Phœbina, her first, NOTHING, *lacune*.

"With Venus, her ambiguous satellite, *en simple*, the blackberry; *en composé*, the raspberry.

"With the Pivot or Sun, *en direct*, the grape, an ascending pivotal fruit, *en inverse*, NOTHING!

"At the next creation, our five satellites will give us, among other wonders, the *minimes agricoles* quadrupeds, the dwarf horse, the dwarf bull, the dwarf camel, which have hitherto been abortive. * * * At every step we recognize a great disorder in the actual furniture of the world. It is a counter-moulded hatching which gave us that amiable country neighbor, the wolf, in place of which we should have a magic dog, or *hypo-chien*, fit to run over abysses like chamois and goats, and in the same way the otter, instead of a destroyer, would be the *hypo-carter*, aiding us to catch fish and to arrange our nets. * * * The system of nature would be a very vain study for us if it did not give us the means of correcting the existing evil, and of replacing the secessionist products, the beings

* "Treatise on Association," l. pp. 519, 524, 531.

hurtful to man, by the counter-moulded or useful servitors. Of what avail to us to know in what order each star has come into creation ; to know that the horse and the donkey were created by Saturn in this modulation ; the zebra and quagga by Proteus (a star not yet discovered, but still existing, since we see its works ;) that in this modulation Jupiter gave us the bull and the bison, and Mars the camel and the dromedary ? These notions once acquired, we should have the unpleasant knowledge that these stars, called lazy walkers, have, on the contrary, done on our earth seven times too much work in giving us a furniture of which seven-eighths are injurious."

After this he goes on promising us anti-lions, anti-whales, anti-sharks, anti-hippopotami, anti-crocodiles, anti-phocas — all useful animals, which will supersede railways and steamers — or the anti-lion, a kind of horse, with which we may start from Calais, breakfast at Paris, dine at Lyons, sup at Marseilles, and sleep, no one knows where. The horse, a kind of waggon alongside an express train, is to become a show beast. These creatures can begin in five years, if we like — that is, if we will adopt Fourier's social system, when man, being in a proper state, *presto*, the aromal spherical bath will start forth and do its work. Fourier himself thinks this difficult to be swallowed, and observes —

"It is no doubt a surprising announcement that these new creations may commence at fixed periods, whenever it shall please man to give the signal. Is not this attributing to man more power than prejudice has given to God himself ? for these prejudices suppose that the Being who has created all actual things, cannot make others and less disastrous ones. * * * Every one will soon see that a scientific error of our globe, a delay in interference, may compromise the entire universe, the mass of the planets, and the sun of the celestial vault, which for thousands of years has received so much injury from our planet."

To prove this he argues, or lays down, that our earth is the centre of the universe, that the earth clogs the sun, in default of aromal discharges, which cannot take place because mankind is not in harmony, that is, are not Fourierists. The sun, which has only Saturn, Jupiter, and Herschel perfectly working, is "like a cart without one of its wheels !" The logical consequence of this is, that it can't catch the comets, which is a pity, "as some of them are very ripe and ready to enter into plan." Herschel, too, has only six satellites, and is waiting for two more which we must give him. The bottom of all this is, that the sun has used up all his *tetra-cardinal fluid*.

Thus, the sun can't catch the comets, the comets can't get into place, Herschel wants his two satellites, and all because men, the inhabitants of the earth, won't be harmonious, and

enable it to eject *tetra-cardinal fluid*. A star which fell two thousand years before the deluge has some hand in it, but on the whole it is we who are to blame. "This crisis, moreover," we are told, "is inevitable on all the globes except the sun ; they all suffer by it more or less, like children cutting their teeth. The earth has suffered so violently as to catch a putrid fever, which being communicated to Phœbina, she died."

Still, though dead, she has her use, that of "mummy, or aromal loadstone ;" but has putrified by long use, and can no longer serve in the catching of comets. Should my readers wish to learn how the end of all this anomalous state of things is to be brought about, they will consult the learned treatise on association.

In psychology, Fourier believes in the immortality, or, at all events, the infinite reproduction, of matter. He talks of souls, certainly, as before and after life ; but, not to be deprived of material enjoyments, they will always reconnect themselves with matter. This is, of course, the old story of transmigration of souls. But we are not confined to this globe. We hop about in all directions. But the only way to do honest justice to Fourier is to quote him :—

"The most unfortunate planet is that in which the inhabitants have passions disproportionate to the means of gratification. Such is the vice which now afflicts our globe. It renders the situation of the human race so fatiguing, that even sovereigns are discontented. This arises from the fact, that God has given to our passions an intensity suitable to the two phases of the *ordre combiné*, which will last for about seventy thousand years, and in the course of which each day will give to us enjoyments so active and so varied, that our souls will scarcely endure them. If our destinies were confined to our present sad civilization, God would have given us flabby and apathetic passions, such as philosophy advises us to have, passions suited to the miserable existence we endure for five thousand years."

It is wholly unnecessary to refute blasphemy, infidelity, and anti-Christian views such as these, the teachings of an aged voluptuary, who conceives nothing but animal sources of enjoyment. Let us continue :—

"The question of the enjoyment reserved for souls in another life, shows the utter ignorance of civilized beings as to the views of nature. How ill you know it, when you place future happiness in the disunion of two principles, material and spiritual, and when you pretend that souls, after the death of the body, will isolate themselves from matter *sans la concours de laquelle il n'y aurait pour Dieu même aucune jouissance*."

The sensuality, materialism, and blasphemy of man could scarce further go. No promise of Mahomet is more voluptuous than that held out by the paradise of Fourier. I can have no patience to quote this portion of his audacious doctrines any further. It is painful to turn such words into English. Still I must continue by giving another view he takes:—

“Composed, or metempsychical immortality, is one of the pivots of the system of harmony. It would be but an abortion without the solution of this problem, in which attraction cannot serve us as a guide. Though metempsychosis has been ridiculed, it is not the less a general desire.”

* * * * *

Hence, according to Fourier, it is a logical conclusion. This settled, he proceeds:—

“General Scale of Metempsychosis, estimated at One to a Century.

1st Phase,	5,000 y'rs	50	cis et transmigrations.
2nd “	36,000 “	360	“ “ “
Apogee,	9,000 “	90	“ “ “
3d Phase,	27,000 “	270	“ “ “
4th “	4,000 “	40	“ “ “

—
810 to be reduced to 405.”

According to this plan, our souls, at the end of the planetary career, will have alternated 810 times from one to the other world, going and coming, in emigration and immigration, of which 810 *intra-mundaine*, and 810 *extra-mundaine*; existence which we must reduce by one-half, because during the 27,000 years of harmony the duration of life is more than double in both worlds. But the number of migrations is of little matter, since, as a last analysis, it is 81,000 years which is in question, of which about two-thirds, or 54,000, will be passed in the other world; one-third, or 27,000, in this.

He then returns to the figure 810 as convenient:—

“720 very happy, with rare exceptions, *harm.*
45 favorable in the middle range, *subv. asc.*
45 bad *en moyen terme*, *subv. asc.*

The *trans-mundaine* life, or future life, is to this as waking to sleep. The waking is a composed state, in which we combine the exercise of the animal and spiritual faculties. Sleep is a simple state, in which the body obeys not the soul; it is a scission between soul and body. This latter, in the state of sleep, falls into a state of unreason, and has generally but vague thoughts, of which, on waking, it has little remembrance. * * * The souls take, in the other life, a body formed of the element we call *aroma*, which is incombustible and homogeneous with fire. It penetrates solids with rapidity, as we see by the *aroma* called magnetic fluid, circulating in interior rocks and the centre of mines as in the plain air.”

The great delight of this paradise of Fourier's is one which must be delicious promise to the idle—it is that of moving about without using legs or carriers, or touching the earth—the next, that of existing; but Fourier declines to name all the pleasures of the next life,—pleasures to be highly enhanced when harmony is established. He informs us that we are tortoisés alongside the dead, who, however, now enjoy not one tithe of the luxurious state which would ensue under *l'harmonie societaire*.

“The best service to render to the dead, as to the living,” he cries, “is to establish, without delay, the *harmonie societaire*. The moment harmony shall be organized, the dead, or *trans-mundaines*, will be all the more happy that they will not be subject to death to reënter this life. The transition will be merely lying down to go to sleep. It is during his sleep that a body is prepared for the *trans-mundaine* in this life; he does not rejoin it at conception, but about the time of teething. Until then, the child is animated by the great soul of the world.”

But enough of Fourier's future. Let us continue our review. He cries, “Duty comes from man, attraction comes from God.” This he proves by the various views taken by different nations of duty, while all have the same passions. Now, the passions are ill-regulated; ultimately they will be the source of our happiness. Thus all attraction is natural, legitimate thing, which it is impious to resist. Attraction is the human law, as it is the law of the world. As many fundamental passions, so many attractions are there. According to this, give way to our passions, by all means, by which we shall learn the right use of them, and in harmony arrive at the proper point of equilibrium. Attraction will then make all go right, and punishments and preventives will be all useless.

Before setting loose the passions ungoverned on the world, Fourier defines them. He recognizes in us three points of attraction—luxury, the art to group, and the tendency to unity. Luxury, divided into internal and external luxury, comprises, under the first head, health; under the second, riches. As the five senses are of this species of attraction, it is, from these reasons, in subordination to the mind. The propensity to group embraces love, friendship, ambition, and a fourth passion called familism. But above these passions which group us, are three others, far more fertile, according to Fourier—the *cabalist*, the *alternant*, and the *composite*. The *cabalist* is defined as the reflecting and speculating impetuosity which tends to divide impulses and give them a higher flight, thus fixing the

will by complex influence. The *alternant*, or *papellone*, is the irresistible want of variety, which Fourier makes a useful passion. The *composite*, or blind impulse, is the passion which produces devotions, inspirations, eloquence, &c.

By means of these twelve passions, Fourier proposes to make men happy; and this by the instrumentality of the societary state.

It is needless to enter into Fourier's dismal picture of society as it is. All can imagine it, by supposing the evils which exist infinitely multiplied. All these are to disappear before his system of composed or harmonious association. The first of Fourier's system is agriculture—towns are his abhorrence—and he proposes to divide every country into a number of *phalanges*, which, like the sidereal system, are to revolve round themselves and round a centre. The motive power of the association is to be, passionate attraction towards work as a delightful amusement. Now, the rich work not, and the poor work with dislike; it is unnatural that work should be a necessity, and yet be distasteful. From this, he reasons that the day is coming when all shall desire to work, which shall become an attraction, a passion. All shall choose their occupation, twenty if they choose; and this is to arise from association by groups, and by *series*, the association of groups into *phalanges*. The groups, or centre, must be seven or nine; other numbers would be unharmonious. The harmony of the group results from the amalgamation of attractions; that of the series, from ideality, or opposition in groups. In the latter, friendship, interest, love, glory, are to be the impulse; and the groups are to cohere from choice. To make a series there must be 24 or 32 groups, which compose the *phalange* of about 1800 persons. The dwelling of a *phalange* is a *phalanstere*, which is to be a comfortable and elegant edifice, with wings of horse-shoe shape. In these are to be the noisy workshops. These are to be within shady courts, and in the centre a clock tower, used also as a telegraph to the laborers in the fields. In this, too, is to be the theatre and the exchange. Around the whole edifice is to be a gallery, to run through in winter.

Everything in the *phalanstere* is to be delightful and free; individual comfort is to be consulted as much as the comfort of the whole. Everything is to be for the best, kitchens, lodgings, cellars, &c. There are to be apartments for the rich and the poor, so that the former may not be proud of his display, or the latter ashamed of his poverty. As to the expense of the building, it will not, it is said, cost more than 400 separate huts, while its

strength will render it lasting; to say nothing of the economy of one kitchen, one cellar, one wash house, all worked by a steam-engine.

No hedges, no ditches, no marks of servitude. All is to all, and for all. In exchange for this individual property the holders will receive shares equivalent to the value brought in. The inconveniences of small farms are thus done away with, while capital will also, in the work-shops, facilitate labor by the introduction of machines. The organization of labor is so simple, that Fourier calculates on the groups working for the general good from emulation, from love, while everything is to be done in a perfection hitherto unheard of. The hours of labor are to be short; of course, when men are not working from necessity or from desire of acquiring, this must be. Prizes, the undertaking in turns of twenty kinds of work, are to make labor pleasant.

The result is, of course, fourfold returns, which are to be divided between capital, labor, and talent. Capital takes four parts, labor five, talent three. This settled, comes the division amongst individuals. Capital, of course, will have so much per cent. for what it brought in, but labor and talent present difficulties. Fourier divides labor into three divisions—labors of necessity, ability and of *agrément*. The last will be least rewarded, the second more, the first most. This is to give an inducement to the selection of the ruder and more disagreeable kinds of labor. This, too, is to captivate the suffering masses, at present the least paid. Moreover, in the *phalanstere*, every man has a right to food, lodging, clothing, and tools. Where is the incitement then to work? One plan of Fourier is, by paying rude labor much, and delicate pleasant labors much, to make capital change hands.

As all ranks are elective, talent will be tested by popularity. Still artists, *savants*, and others, will remain out of this category. They belong to no series, group, or *phalange*; they are of the world and the world must reward them. All the *phalanges* of the world must pay them a sufficient reward.

The end of all this, when the world is peopled by *phalanges*, is universal monarchy. The capital of the universe is to be on the Bosphorus. One of the bonds of this grand hierarchy will be the industrial armies going wherever glory or utility call them. They are to make roads, railways, vast edifices, &c. The ruler is to be hereditary, but ruled by the votes of the world. The hierarchy will extend from the *unarch*, or head of a *phalange*, to the *omniarch*, or head of the universe. There will be *duarchs* for four phalanx, *triarchs* for twelve, *tetrarchs* for forty-eight, and

so on until the *douzarch* reigns over a million. Above him is none but the *omniarch* or Emperor of the Universe. But, with universal election, and unlimited liberty for all passions, these titles will be mere moonshine. Their power is null. Punishments there can be none, where all desires are legitimate, even, as has clearly been proved by Fourier's own words, the most infamous.

The part of woman is the same as that of man. All professions, trades, and places are open to them. There is no distinction. This brings us to the ticklish question of marriage. Fourier does not go the length of promiscuous intercourse altogether. His women are of various classes. The classification shows profound immorality. There are to be *Baccants*, *Bayaderes*, *Vestals*, *Damoiseaux*, &c. There are to be the women who marry wholly, those who marry provisionally, those who are legal prostitutes, and those who are to be the companions of old age. The details of this matter are purely bestial, and, damning as they are to Fourier, I decline entering on them. His marriage, however, speaks volumes of itself, and will show the morality of this sect : —

"Loving freedom will come, and will transform into virtue the greater part of our vices, as it will transform into vices the greater part of our gentilleses. There are to be divers grades in amorous unions. The three principal are :— 1. Favorite by title. 2. *Geniteurs et genetrices*. 3. Husbands and wives. The last should have at least two children, the second one, the first none. These titles give to the *conjoins* progressive rights on a part of the respective heritage. A woman can have at the same time :— 1. A husband by whom she has two children. 2. A *geniteur* by whom she has one. 3. A favorite by whom she has none. No more simple possessors, who are nobody in the eyes of the law."

One would really imagine Fourier making laws for some Botany Bay, peopled with the offscourings of jails and brothels. And why this state of bestiality?

"This gradation of titles establishes a great courtesy, and great fidelity. A woman can refuse the title of *geniteur* to one by whom she is *enceinte*." She can refuse, in fact, any of the titles to one of her three husbands. "This prevents all the hypocrisy of which marriage is the source."

When such are the notions which Fourier holds, his careful education of children is a curse, and therefore merits little notice, except to say that at sixteen he gives them the character of men, and sends them forth to do as their *mothers* and *fathers* have done before them.

The world once fixed, and *phalansterianism* universally adopted, Fourier's first care is to

pay the English national debt. This is a seducing promise, and one likely to get him many admirers. Let us see how our financier goes about it :—

"It is not by millions, but by *milliards* that we shall now value the products of the earth. It is now the turn of eggs which will play a great game, and resolve a problem before which have paled the learned pundits of European finance. With half the proceeds of the eggs of the world, and without touching the fowls, we will extinguish, on a given day, the colossus of the English national debt, by a process which, instead of being onerous, will become an *amusette* for the globe."

He counts the debt at twenty-five *milliards*, and the tax on eggs at 5*d.* a dozen. Let us see the result :—

"1000 dozen eggs at half-a-franc	500 <i>f.</i>
Multiply by 200 days, about the average of days a fowl lays	200
Annual product of a canton	100,000
Multiply by 60,000 phalanxes	600,000
General product (60 <i>milliards</i>)	60,000,000,000 <i>f.</i> "*

Sir Charles Wood should try the experiment.

It is the habit of democrats and republicans to uphold and support Socialism. As a democrat and a republican it is that I have undertaken to show what Socialism is. What is the system of Fourier? An attempt to substitute Deism for Christianity, the unlimited indulgence of the passions for the restraint imposed by religion and morality, promiscuous intercourse for marriage, to say nothing of the moral and political impossibilities of his system.

Labor is a duty, and nothing makes it possible but want. No man is incited to labor, except in rare instances, for the general good. It is for himself, for his home, for his family, for his children, that he works. Who ever cares for a railway in which he holds shares, as for an estate which is his own? And man's nature renders any change in this impossible. Absence from labor is always our pleasure. Fourier argues that we should work with as much enthusiasm as young girls dance; but those to whom dancing is a profession consider absence of it a relief,

The innate desire of man for independence is utterly destroyed by Fourier. * * * But why reason with a man who shows us the sun chasing comets and catching them by the tail; who assists at the lying-in of the stars, and warms the north pole by the aurora borealis; who pays our debt by a tax on eggs, and gives the earth a putrid fever; who makes lions do away with railways, and denies the essential

* Treatise on Association.

soul of the earth, God, making him matter ; who makes us change our bodies 810 times, and gives us a paradise where wine, and women, and hunting, and all sensual enjoy-

ments, are to delight us—whose philosophy is in fact a philosophy fit for none but a nation of mingled knaves, fools, and loose women!—*Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.*

UNITED STATES' AGGRANDIZEMENTS AND PROJECTS ON THE SIDE OF MEXICO.

Neither in the conflicts between nation and nation which convulsed Europe during the early part of the last century, nor in the inroads of the strong against the weak undertaken by Napoleon while yet in the zenith of his power, was there anything so extraordinary, so perfectly unaccountable, and at the same time so strikingly demonstrative of the ulterior designs of the aggressors, as the easy manner in which a handful of United States' soldiers overran, of late, with scarcely the appearance of resistance, the extensive and important province of Mexico. To the rapidity of these overpowerings no European conquest in India can be compared ; and if in the same hemisphere a parallel is to be found, it is in the achievements of Cortez against Montezuma, or in those of Pizarro when he landed on the western shores of the Pacific. In both cases, however, the aborigines offered a long and effective stand against their sea-borne enemies. To the astonishment of every one, the modern Mexicans, although now half European, crouched beneath the uplifted rod of their neighbors, as if every spark of manhood had been extinguished, and the national character completely lost. In so unexpected and disgraceful a *dénouement* there must be some mystery—some leading cause, imperfectly understood on our side of the Atlantic. To account for this will not, therefore, be deemed an unseasonable task ; though it be necessary, in seeking to do so, that we revert to a few antecedents.

It would be a mistake to suppose that the Americans were ever satisfied with their stipulated boundaries on the side of Canada, or that, after possessing the two Floridas and Louisiana, they did not covet a good slice of Mexico. Before the close of the last century they wishfully turned their eyes in that direction, and the object of their highest ambition, ever since, has been the acquisition of more territory to the west ; for their inordinate appetite could not be satisfied with the space over which their flag already waved,—the extent of which rendered impossible, within a century

and a half at the soonest, the settlement within its limits of even a moderate amount of population. In the *provincias internas* of Mexico, as well as in those districts more immediately bordering upon the United States, the Spanish viceroys, owing to distance and the scattered state of the population, never exercised any real authority. In consequence of the impossibility of guarding so long and broken a line of frontiers, American citizens kept up an active trade with the contiguous Mexican provinces, often penetrating with their wares a hundred and fifty leagues inland, in defiance of custom-house guards. In the course of these excursions they became acquainted with the inhabitants and resources of the country, while many a native, oppressed and persecuted by the Spanish authorities, sought an asylum within the territory of the Union. Then it was that the disposition among the Mexicans to throw off the Spanish yoke first became known, and the Americans early prepared to take advantage of it. Major Pike, who, in 1805-7, explored the western territory by orders of the Washington Government, alluding to the subject, thus expressed himself :—

England would naturally have been the power they would have looked up to in order to form an alliance to secure their independence, but the insatiable avarice and hauteur exhibited by that nation in the late descent at La Plata has turned their views to other quarters. They have, therefore, directed their eyes towards the United States, as brethren of the same soil in their vicinity, who have within their power ample resources of arms, ammunition, and even men, to secure their independence, and who, in that event, would secure to themselves the almost exclusive trade of the richest country in the world for centuries, and to be her carriers as long as the two nations shall exist ; for Mexico, like China, will never become a nation of mariners, but must receive the nations of all the world into her ports, and give her bullion in exchange for the productions of their different countries. What would not be the advantages which the United States would reap from this event ? Our numerous vessels would fill every

port, and from our vicinity enable us to carry off at least nine-tenths of her commerce. Even on the coast of the Pacific no European nation would vie with us. There would be a brisk inland trade carried on with the southern provinces *viâ* the Red River; and having a free entrance into all their ports, we should become their factors, agents, guardians, and, in short, their tutelar genius, as the country not only fears but also hates France, and all Frenchmen and French measures. It therefore remains for the people of the United States to decide whether, if Bonaparte should seize on the crown of Spain, they will hold out a helping-hand to emancipate another portion of the western hemisphere from the bonds of European tyranny and oppression; or, by a different policy, suffer six millions of people to become, in the hands of French intrigue, enterprise, and tactics, a scourge to our south-west boundaries, which would oblige us to keep up a large and respectable military force, and continually render us liable to war on the weakest and most vulnerable part of our frontiers. Twenty thousand auxiliaries from the United States, under good officers, joined to the independence of the country, are at any time sufficient to create and effect the revolution.

About the time these remarks were penned, and even previously, it was by no means a rare occurrence on the Mexican frontiers, where the subaltern Spanish officers ruled with a rod of iron, for a leading native, who had been injured, and left without the slightest chance of redress, to harangue his neighbors and dependents, and after gaining them over to his views, to retire with them in a body to the other side of the United States' boundary, where they were sure to find aid and protection. These refugees were numerous, and became the implacable enemies of their former tyrants, against whom they never ceased to complain and plot. So alarming, indeed, did these demonstrations at length become to the Spaniards, that they were made the topics of reiterated reproaches addressed to the Washington cabinet; but instead of redress, or any attempt being made to check the evil, it soon became apparent that the local authorities specially favored this kind of immigration. The bright prospects for adventurers on the Mexican side of the lines were constantly kept in view, and the power of Spain set at defiance.

Thus was a large body of brave and athletic crusaders always ready, at a given signal, to pounce upon the Hispano-Mexican territory,—men bred up to scenes of danger, who made their own rifles, powder, and shot, and when they went on an expedition carried no baggage, depending for food itself upon their guns. Such are still the "backwoodsmen" of the United States, and it was a knowledge of the

feeling above described, as well as of the numbers always ready to join in any enterprise to which it pointed, that gave birth to the daring project of Colonel Burr, who rose to some eminence in his own country. This man and his associates contemplated nothing less than the dismemberment of the Spanish monarchy in Mexico, and had not the Washington government received timely notice of their plans, and, from a dread of involving themselves with foreign powers at an unseasonable moment, opposed its execution, it is morally certain that they would have succeeded.

The strong feeling, however, was not permitted to die out, and fresh elements of aggression accumulated. It is well known that, in usurping the throne of Spain, Napoleon resolved to add to it a dominion over the Spanish Indies. When the contest between him and the Spaniards commenced, the unanimous determination of all Spanish America was to resist the intrusive projects of the French, and at the same time send succors to the mother country. These demonstrations were not met in a cordial spirit by the Central Junta, then governing in the name of Ferdinand VII.; and the affairs of Spain besides, being at a distance, wore a gloomy aspect. The European viceroys and captains-general could not be trusted, for, holding their appointments from the old Spanish Government, many members of which adhered to the French party, it was feared that they might commit some treacherous act. These apprehensions were soon confirmed by the conduct of several of the functionaries, who labored hard to form an European party in the country, with the view of strengthening their own position and holding the natives in check. At length, on the 14th of September, 1810, a revolt took place in Dolores, a small town in Mexico, which soon extended to the whole country, and the inhabitants agreed among themselves to take the administration of affairs into their own hands.

In other sections of the continent these risings were marked by particular features, or influenced by local incidents, but their object was the same. In Mexico, however, tidings of the seizure of Ferdinand and the advance of Napoleon no sooner reached Viceroy Iturrigaray, than he became diffident of powers, which, though conferred by Charles IV., had been confirmed to him by the Duke de Berg and the Spanish ministers in the interest of Joseph Bonaparte. Distrust at the moment being general, the vice-king foresaw the impossibility of maintaining harmony between two powerful parties likely soon to be arrayed against each other, and considering, also, that his own limited authority was unequal to the

emergency, he proposed calling together the provincial representatives, as by law ordained, in order to determine what form of government should be adopted in case the French succeeded in Spain, and at the same time to establish an administrative system, in which the people might confide. In this he was opposed by the judges of the High Court of Justice, all old Spaniards, seconded by the European merchants and placemen, who, trembling for the ascendancy which the more numerous Creoles might gain in any new plan of government founded upon popular election, stood prepared to frustrate all attempts to establish it. A powerful faction of Europeans was forthwith formed and armed, the viceroy's person was seized, and himself and family, under aggravated indignities, were sent prisoners to Europe. The viceroy's proposal was, nevertheless, in accordance with a formal application addressed to him by the municipality of Mexico, dated August 5th, 1809; and although on his arrival in Spain he was absolved from every charge, and his intentions thereby proved to have been legal, pure, and patriotic, the principal members of the faction which put him down were rewarded with distinctions, decorations, and higher appointments.

Such was the origin of that intestine division, which soon ripening into open enmity between European Spaniards and Mexicans, eventually ended in a war of extermination. Meanwhile Sultepec, representing the Mexican party, sent a proposal to the viceroy, bearing date, March 1812, wherein the terms upon which they were prepared to agree to a cessation of hostilities were set forth, as well as certain suggestions made for conducting the war—if war there must be—with less ferocity. Both proposals were rejected; and whilst Spain seemed determined not to submit her dispute with the transmarine provinces to the mediation of a third party, Great Britain bore with tameness every rebuff to her offers of mediation. The Cadiz Government preferred war, blockades, threats, and persecutions; being deaf to the remonstrances of the South American deputies, who declared "that it was cruel and inhuman to send out troops to make war upon brethren, without having even first appropriated a single hour in the National Council to fix upon some plan of conciliation, or giving their rights and conduct a fair and unbiassed discussion."

Under the pretext of "reducing insurgents," every species of excess was in those days committed; and a war of brigandage followed, worse even than that at one time waged against the blacks in St. Domingo.

To punish the Mexicans, fire and the sword were alternately applied; parents were murdered by their children, and brothers by the hands of brothers. A letter, dated Mexico, February 18, 1811, and alluding to the scenes there witnessed, spoke thus:—"The unheard-of cruelties are such that posterity will suppose them fabulous." Meanwhile, Mexicans flying from persecution sought an asylum in the United States, where they experienced great hospitality. Their envoys were favorably received by the Washington Government, and privately assisted. Their cause was advocated by a large portion of the American press; proclamations, intended for circulation in Mexico, were printed in Philadelphia and Baltimore; arms and ammunition were supplied; and bodies of adventurers crossed over to fight under the banners of the Sultepec junta. Thus was a sympathy created and a connection formed, of infinitely more value to the ulterior designs of the American cabinet than anything that could have been done at an earlier period through the efforts of private individuals. Then, in fact, was laid the basis of that policy which has lately been displayed in Mexico.

Independence being now the only alternative left, the more enlightened Mexicans began to reflect upon the consequences of a separation, unless some adequate form of government could be established, so as to prevent the country from falling into a state of anarchy, and being eventually dismembered. All were sensible that Mexico was not suited to become a republic, and hence among a large party of the leading men it was agreed to seek a monarch having European connections, not only as the best means of promoting the permanent interests of the country, but also as a counterpoise and check upon the United States. The task was difficult, owing to the convulsed state of Europe; but in its accomplishment, men believed that their sole safeguard against anarchy lay. In general opinion, a Spanish prince was preferable, the transition in that case being easier; but several numbers of the reigning family were then captives of Napoleon, and to the Italian branch there seemed to be insurmountable objections. No time, however, was to be lost, and a deputation of distinguished natives, after establishing an understanding on the subject with their influential countrymen, came over to England, where, after mature deliberation, they determined to offer the throne to the Duke of Gloucester, undertaking, through their own efforts and those of their friends, to carry the project into effect. At the same time, a statement of the principal reasons why Mexico and the other sections of

the same continent were not suited to the republican form of government was submitted to his royal highness, of which the subjoined is an abstract:—

In all ages and in all countries legislators have agreed that laws, in order to be durable, must grow out of the character, situation, and habits of the people for whom they are framed; that they must be adapted to their peculiarities and congenial to their usages and customs. To establish a government upon any other grounds, were to destroy the salutary effects which it was thereby intended to promote, and prepare materials for the constant return of anarchy and confusion. In considering, therefore, what species of government is best adapted and most suitable for the state of society in Spanish America, it is necessary to examine its component parts, the several stages of mental improvement which the inhabitants have attained, and even to take into account the climate. According to this standard, let us take a retrospective view of that part of the continent which was conquered and settled by the Spaniards.

The people of that wide and varied range cannot be said to have received any other political education than that which agrees with the establishment of a monarchy. Such was the primitive form existing in both Mexico and Peru, and the first conquerers and settlers knew no other. From the time of Isabella the Spanish settlements in America were incorporated with the crown of Castile, even on terms more favorable than Andalusia or Galicia, for the former retained their own rights and privileges, whereas the constitutions of the two latter sections were absorbed by that of Castile. Arragon, Portugal, Italy, and Flanders, were at one period on a similar footing with the American settlements, and in Spain had a separate department to govern them, the same as the council of the Indies.

The kings of Spain never addressed their American Settlements by the name of colonies, but always gave them the title of kingdoms; nor is the former denomination to be met with in any one law of the Indies. Although Flanders and Italy were included in his realms, Charles V., on his coins, only had engraved "Emperor of Spain and the Indies," in some of Philip II.'s decrees he merely styles himself "Emperor of the Indies." Viceroyalty was sent over to govern them, with the full representation of *alter ego*, a character in Spain given only to the Viceroy of Navarre, because that kingdom, like those of America, agreeably to the terms of its original annexation, was dependent only upon the king; so much so that any new law, promulgated in other parts of Spain, was not binding in Navarre until accepted by her own cortes. Chanceries, universities, municipalities, and high courts of justice, were also established in America, with the same privileges and preeminences as those of Spain. The archbishops and bishops were made independent of the mother-country, and even of each other. The two great divisions of America, were, moreover entitled to

hold cortes, although this right was never exercised. In those for New Spain, Mexico held the first place, as Burgos did in the cortes of Castile; and in those for the Southern division, Cusco, as being the ancient seat of government to the Peruvian Incas, had the first seat. The right was decreed by Charles V., in 1530, confirmed in 1535, and extended by Philip II., in 1563; but it will be recollected that about the same time the usage of assembling the cortes in Spain ceased, or became a mere ceremony to swear in a new king.

Spanish America was governed by a supreme council, called, "of the Indies," equal in honors and in power with that of Castile, and so independent of it, as well as of all the other branches of government, that no law promulgated in Spain was valid in the ultramarine section unless it had passed the board. From all the records relating to the conquest, settlement, and administration of Spanish America, it may clearly be deduced that the relative situation of those distant settlements to Spain, originally, was not that of dependent colonies on a parent state, but that they were, by their own prerogatives, and by the laws themselves, made equal with Castile; being even placed upon a more eligible footing than some of their sister provinces in the peninsula, which, like themselves, had been added to the crown inherited by Ferdinand and Isabella. Humboldt remarked, "That the kings of Spain, by taking the title of kings of the Indies, considered those distant possessions rather as integral parts of the Spanish monarchy—as provinces dependent upon the crown of Castile, than as colonies, in the sense attached to this word since the sixteenth century by the commercial nations of Europe." The same estimable writer further observed, "That each viceroyalty was not governed as a domain of the crown, but as an insulated province;" adding, "that all the institutions, forming together an European government, were to be found there, except some important rights in their commercial relations." Solorzano, one of the compilers of the laws of the Indies, and besides one of the most learned Spanish juriconsults of his day, confesses "That the Indies were incorporated with the crown of Castile as feudatory kingdoms, or as the *Municipia* of the Romans." The ease with which an adequate subsistence is acquired, and with careful habits wealth accumulated, chiefly in the industrial branches of mining and agriculture, it must, however, be acknowledged, tended greatly to limit the scope of education in a country where the climate is by no means favorable to intellectual pursuits.

Among the South Americans in vain, therefore, should we seek for that essential union of circumstances necessary for the formation of a republic. The principles of democracy involve many complex and some highly refined ideas, neither suited to the taste nor within the general comprehension of a class of inhabitants so backward in every species of literature, and so little accustomed to think upon serious subjects, as are the lower orders in that division of the continent alluded to. Its forms also are too simple,

too unattractive, for people so long accustomed to pomp, pageantry, and show. The adoption of a democracy would consequently be incongruous in countries where the habits and usages of the nations are so much opposed; where public virtue does not abound, and where the political education has had a different object and an opposite tendency. The Mexicans, more than any other people of Spanish America, have been habituated to see the chief placed over them surrounded by all the show and parade of an European court, and would not be easily reconciled to the simplicity and moderation of an opposite form. Any other species of government, therefore, or any other principles, would not be consonant to the wishes or in accordance with the taste of the great majority whose benefit it was wished to consult; for it is generally allowed that, in order to render the establishment of a legal authority satisfactory and lasting, the support of public opinion is requisite, this being the firmest basis, as well as the strongest sanction of moral law.

A change in the administration of public affairs in Spanish America, and more particularly in Mexico, can never be complete and successful unless the laws, and also the manners and customs of the people, are made congenial to the new order of things. If the old ones remain, they will continually clash; at each moment they will be remembered and regretted, and, should a favorable opportunity occur, a restoration would be sought by those most immediately interested — by those whom the change most materially affected. At once to alter the laws, customs and habits of the people of that country, situated as they have been, is a work too arduous and too dangerous to be accomplished, unless by a series of years and preparing the generation that is to come next. Under the prevalence of opinions which they could not discard, a republican form of government must consequently sit awkwardly on the shoulders of the Spanish Americans, and they would continually sigh for its removal.

One material impediment to the establishment of a democracy, more particularly in Mexico, is the great disparity in the fortunes of individuals. Humboldt assures us that, besides the advantages of a large population, New Spain has still another very important one, arising out of the enormous mass of capitals, possessed by the proprietors of mines and persons retired from trade. The absence of a monarch could not fail to give an undue preponderance to the influence of this class, thus in the end producing a tyrannical aristocracy, the worst of all governments. Besides, if, in the form to be established, it should be found necessary to give any share to deserving persons, selected from the inferior ranks, in order to guard against the inconvenience just noticed, it might be apprehended that through the want of a third power, destined to produce and support the required equilibrium, the struggle of ascendancy between two parties so opposite in views and position might prove serious, eventually ending in anarchy. In New Spain as well as in Peru, there

are many persons in the enjoyment of titles, immunities, and distinctions, who naturally would object to any new order of things, tending to level and confound them with the other classes. On this account it is that those of this description kept aloof, as if desirous of preserving a kind of neutral character, from the moment they perceived the turn things were taking, and the same was observable in the aborigines. The great influence of the clergy over every part of the population, more especially the Indians, has never been so strongly marked as since the cry for independence was raised, and it may be readily imagined that the clergy would not be favorable to a popular form of government.

The stages at which the several insurrections in Spanish America at present stand (1814,) as well as the language hitherto used by the new local government, by no means prove that there is a disposition among the inhabitants generally in favor of democracy, although the first movements bore that character. The insurrectionary chiefs and their partisans thought that the position of their country resembled that of the United States at the time of their separation from England, and, without a proper discrimination, judged that similar measures would produce the same effects. They did not take into account the difference in education, together with a variety of other circumstances, in the hurry of the moment entirely overlooked. There is attached to the character of Spaniards, and that of their descendants in America equally partakes of it, something of grandeur and pomp, perfectly opposed to the simplicity of republican manners. Both conceive that there is nothing grand or dignified attached to any other form of government than the monarchical one. It would require the evolution of ages before the Spanish Americans could acquire sentiments congenial to those of the founders of the Swiss Cantons, the Republic of Holland, or that of the United States. The republican language of the revolutionary juntas proves no more than the particular ideas and opinions of individuals, who, by their activity or position, were called upon to exercise the first duties of the magistracy for the time being. The caution observed at the commencement by the junta of Caracas, and the reserve which marked the conduct of the other new governments, served clearly to show that, although the people wished a separation from Spain, they were by no means prepared for a total overthrow of those principles to which they were habituated, or disposed to witness anything like a violent transition in the form of government. The downfall of the first Caracas junta, which some persons erroneously attributed to the successful efforts made by Spain, was no other than a reaction on the part of the people, who, owing to the wild introduction of a governing system democratical in the extreme, and, consequently, uncongenial to their taste and wishes, abandoned a cause which they had previously joined with cordiality, in the hope of obtaining that redress of which all stood in need. They, however, despaired from the moment they saw their chiefs preparing systems

beyond their comprehension, and against which they entertained long and inveterate prejudices.

In the higher and influential circles, as well as among those Spanish Americans who consult more than the momentary good of their country, the general opinion is, that a limited and well-equipoised monarchy is the only government suited to their wants. Superstitious opinions in favor of such an establishment in fact exist. An attempt under Tupac-Amaru to reestablish the Peruvian throne of the Incas at one time inundated that portion of the south division with blood, and filled it with confusion. The Indians in general, and the same may be said of the other inferior classes, have no other idea of a social body than that of king, nobles, and commons; indeed, king and government are synonymous terms to at least four-fifths of the Spanish American population.

These negotiations commenced in the middle of 1813, and were conducted to the satisfaction of the Duke of Gloucester. His royal highness was struck with the novelty and immense importance of the scheme, though he could not shut his eyes to the difficulties which must necessarily attend its accomplishment. He felt, however, a more than ordinary interest in the welfare and future destinies of Mexico, with the extent, capabilities, and prospects of which he made himself acquainted, and in the progress of his inquiries discovered that there were two powerful parties engaged in implacable hostility, the inevitable consequences of which must be (should the monarchical principle be lost, and the Mexicans fail to secure the sympathies and support of some leading state in Europe), that they would split into factions and become disorganized, or fall an easy prey to the first rapacious invader. Waiving all views of personal aggrandizement as regarded himself, but deeply impressed with the magnitude of the interests to Great Britain involved in this question, his royal highness therefore determined to lay the papers which had been submitted to him, before Government, while he expressed no more than a hope that, in an age of extensive political combinations, some means might, through our agency, be devised of securing to the Mexicans such institutions as should best agree with their social character, and thereby preserve the integrity of their territory and promote their prosperity.

This he did through the medium of a personal friend of his own, at that time a member of the administration. The papers were accordingly placed in the hands of the late Lord Castlereagh, and underwent an investigation. On a review of the whole case, his lordship became convinced that many misfortunes must befall the Mexicans, if the great error were committed of driving them to the necessity of

adopting democratic institutions. Still, under existing circumstances, he felt that no plan to obviate such an emergency could prove satisfactory, which did not obtain the previous sanction and concurrence of Spain; and the liberation of the Peninsula being now completed he naturally conceived that the initiative of any movement tending to a severance of the Spanish empire, ought to be taken by the cabinet of Madrid. His lordship seemed, indeed, to be of opinion, that the time had come for the application of a new policy on the part of Spain towards her distant connections, such as might, at least, correct the grand mistake of the Cadiz cortes: but whilst the subject was uppermost in his mind, and a plan for action maturing, Napoleon unexpectedly returned from Elba; and continental affairs again becoming embroiled, we were compelled to take an active part in them. As always happens on such occasions, less urgent business was thrown aside, and the project herein unfolded was never afterwards revived.

Spain, it will be recollected, continued visionary and inexorable as far as her ultramarine dominions were concerned. At the close of the Peninsular war her army was avowedly too numerous, both for the wants and resources of the country, and prudence suggested a reduction. The manner in which it was proposed to effect this must not be overlooked. To an already over-grown complement of officers in each battalion, large numbers who had been prisoners in France during the war were added, in the character of supernumeraries, so that in some regiments there were nearly as many officers as men. Regular promotions necessarily became suspended, while a host of idle and ill-paid young men being thus thrown together, soon began to murmur first, and then to commit excesses. The measures adopted by the Government in order to repress these evils were as characteristic as they proved unavailing. An invasion of South America, on a grand scale, was decreed, and two large armies were marched upon Cadiz to effect it. But means of transport were wanting. The troops lay idle in their cantonments; and the yellow fever broke out with fearful violence among them. Then it was that the memorable military revolution of La Isla broke out, when the expeditionary troops under Quiroga, Riego, &c., instead of embarking, marched to Madrid, and compelled Ferdinand VII. to accept the Cadiz Constitution.

In this manner ended the hopes of reducing the Spanish army, or bringing back the sections of the New World to their former allegiance; and, among the rest, in her own defence, and entirely left to herself, Mexico became a repub-

lie. True it is that Iturbide, a spirited and enterprising native, with good connections, declared himself emperor, and succeeded in assembling a small army, and organizing a local government, at the head of which he stood for some time; but men of substance and respectability did not join him, nor had he any of that *prestige* or external support without which it is impossible to become the founder of a new dynasty. His cause failed, although many of the circumstances which attended it proved that the country wished for, and required, the central agency of a sceptre.

By the adoption of a line of policy at once so weak and so wicked, Spain lost the opportunity of founding a noble empire on either side of the equator. Had she consulted her own interest, she would have placed upon the thrones of the Incas and the Montezumas, cadets from her own royal house, whom the people would have accepted, not only without resistance, but gratefully. Spain, however, could not see whither the hand of fate was pointing; and the United States rejoiced in her blindness. They were always aware that in Mexico a popular government would prove abortive, and that when this problem was solved their own chance would commence. The Mexicans struggled on as well as they could, but when the histories of all the new republics established within the discoveries of Columbus are temperately reviewed, the inferences to be drawn from them are most melancholy. What a picture is presented of anarchy, treachery, and misrule! From the north of the Isthmus of Panama, to the heart of central America, everything is crude, unsettled, and dubious. Chief rises up against chief, meeting conspiracy on one hand with treason on the other; and all the while the great body of the people are becoming, day by day, more barbarous. Further South we behold Bolivia pitted against Lima, and in the opposite direction a *gaucho*—an unlettered and unprincipled herdsman of the *Pampas*—converted into a sovereign *de facto*, and endeavoring to force his hated rule upon the natives of the other bank of the river Plata, even in defiance of Great Britain and France. The whole picture is sickening; for it cannot be disguised that the inhabitants have been fighting among themselves nearly ever since they were freed from the presence of their common enemy.

But to return to the subject more immediately under consideration. In Mexico the lust of ascendancy led to frequent contentions, yet no man, stout of heart and honest in purpose, rose up among the combatants. Numbers were always ready to grasp at authority, and throw the country into a blaze, merely to

give currency to their own views or advance their own fortunes, while no one was to be found disposed to develop the national resources, encourage industry and commerce, or promote union between the distant provinces. No means were adopted to educate the people, or to show them the advantages of self-government. The struggle to overthrow the dark dominion of Spain had served to train up no statesmen, to form no patriots, and to discipline no armies. It had developed no principles, founded no institutions, and raised up no bulwarks to protect the prize which had been won. A building only of perishable materials was left, with no central authority to guard it.

Such was the state of Mexico when the Washington Government determined to strike the long premeditated blow. It was, however, necessary to proceed with great circumspection. During the exigencies of the moment the Texans were added to the Union by the distribution of dexterous agents, instructed to widen the breach between them and the Mexicans; to point out the helplessness of their condition, and at the same time to impress upon their minds the advantages which they would derive from an incorporation with the States. The scheme succeeded admirably, and served to encourage another attempt on a larger scale. The disputes between the Mexicans and their "brethren of the same soil," which eventually ended in a declaration of war, strongly remind one of the fable of the wolf and the lamb.

At length open hostilities commenced, and an invading army was pushed forward in several divisions; but, while advancing towards the interior, the Americans acted at first with caution, as if diffident of their own strength, or apprehensive that the seasonable moment for action had not yet arrived. Such an event as this invasion the Mexicans ought to have foreseen; but, as it was, no effective preparations for defence had been made. No high-wrought enthusiasm in the contest about to ensue showed itself—not a single man of honor and eminence stepped forward to direct the common cause. The protection of the country was, in fact, left to a few volunteer guerillas, hastily assembled and commanded by priests. Immense distances, on several lines to the very capital, were traversed by the invaders with scarcely any opposition, the want of a vigorous and preconcerted system on the part of the local authorities being everywhere apparent. All bond of union between the provinces and the capital seemed broken, as if the inhabitants were wearied out with the selfish centralism which had hitherto been kept up, and from which they experienced nothing but oppression. Everywhere the people distrusted

such leaders as stepped forward, convinced, as it appeared, that the only vital question of their political existence had been neglected. They felt that a form of government had been erected among them which they neither loved nor comprehended, and that the prominent actors in the various scenes through which the country had passed displayed no discretion, no disinterestedness, no patriotism; the great exigencies of the moment being invariably turned to a selfish account. In a word, the general conviction was, that no materials existed for the construction of a government worth defending. There was a republic without republicans; and, as was all along anticipated, in the very halls of Montezuma, the invaders dictated their own terms to the crouching Mexicans.

Hostilities having ceased, and the long-cherished object being now effected, President Polk hastened to lay the "Queretaro Treaty" before Congress, accompanying his message with a retrospective view of the origin and conduct of the Mexican war, together with an estimate of the advantages likely to arise from that glorious achievement. This war, waged against a neighbor, supposed, according to previous professions, to be under the immediate guardianship of the United States, the President assured his countrymen had been "reluctantly undertaken;" and, when once determined on, prosecuted for the "vindication of national honor." All this manifestly implied that the Mexicans had not been submissive enough, or, in other words, had done wrong in objecting to encroachments upon their territory. Mr. Polk then eulogized his own doings, as having afforded an opportunity to the American army of displaying their unequalled bravery—their tactics, forbearance, and perseverance, during an arduous conflict; after which, he congratulated the contributing States on the amount of redress obtained, which was sufficient to reward all their sacrifices. Such is the substance of the memorial of a struggle thus triumphantly terminated, the cost of which could not, however, be concealed.

Let us now look to the extent of the acquisitions immediately achieved by the victors, while we glance at some of the principal objects prospectively in view. By artifice the United States gained Texas, and by hostilities—the result of which was never considered dubious—they have obtained possession of New Mexico, Upper and Lower California, together with the Oregon territory;—an immense extent, embracing full ten degrees, and extending, in reality, from a long line on the Pacific to the Rio Grande del Norte. True it is, that the territories thus surrendered up as a

peace-offering by the Mexicans were of little immediate value to them, a small portion only being settled, and the rest scarcely half explored; still there is a native population upon them—certainly mixed and weak—which should not have been in this manner transferred like cattle, to a foreign master, without their wishes and feelings being consulted. These, as well as many others, are consequences for which history will hold Spain responsible.

On the withdrawal of the American troops from the Mexican territory, it is apprehended that an insurrection of the rural working classes and the Indians will follow, the central Government having evinced so many proofs of imbecility and cowardice, that, at a distance, its authority is held in contempt. Several outbreaks on the part of the aborigines have already taken place; and if matters go on, as there is every likelihood they will, the Mexican Government may have to invite the invaders to return and protect them. Those political convulsions and transformations so remarkable and so frequent in the republics of Spanish America, are likely to become more serious in the northern division than they have been elsewhere. Among the Indians of Yucatan, there seems to be a desperate resolution to reconquer that inheritance, of which they were dispossessed more than three hundred years ago; to undertake which, they, no doubt, feel encouraged by the late pusillanimous conduct of the Mexicans. Their bands daily increase in strength and audacity, and, if we may judge from appearances, are inclined to adopt a war of extermination. A new harvest is thus preparing for the United States, whose warriors, as before remarked, may be called back as protectors to the helpless descendants of Cortez.

In the meanwhile, at Washington, the territorial and administrative arrangements for New Mexico, California, and Oregon, are in a state of progress. These territories are to be organized into separate States, with governors, judges, secretaries, and so forth. This done, all the available population will be pushed in those several directions; and it is expected that the new acquisitions will, ere long, swarm with adventurers. Moreover, new projects arising out of this, are under consideration, having for their object to secure to the United States a virtual control over the Pacific. Upper California contains the safe and commodious harbors of San Diego, San Francisco, and Monterey,—the latter of which is said to resemble the beautiful bay of Naples. From this point it is proposed to open a new line of navigation to China, to be called the "Great Circle Route," in connection with the steamers which already ply between Chile and Panama;

and a contract has in consequence been entered into for establishing a line, which, passing from Panama to the Columbia River, shall touch at Monterey.

A railroad from Savannah and Charleston, to Memphis, is already completed, and from the latter place to Monterey the distance is fifteen hundred miles. If a line of steamers be established to Shanghai, and the railroad opened to Monterey, it is calculated that the rich produc-

tions of China and Japan would reach the valley of the Mississippi in thirty days, and in little more than half that time be wafted to Europe. Thus Brother Jonathan has good cause to speak of the destiny of the Union as "one of glorious promise;" and it will be through no restraints imposed upon his ambition by the force of principle, if he fail to realize it.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

Translated for the Daguerreotype.

SHOEMAKERS AND TAILORS.

As unfortunately it is no longer the fashion to go barefoot and naked, we are doomed to the misfortune of having shoemakers and tailors; and these shoemakers and tailors are unhappily taken from our own kind, the *genus* man.

What is a shoemaker? and what is a tailor?

Answer: A shoemaker is a man who makes a shoe or a boot exactly in the way in which it should not be made. And a tailor is a man who makes a pair of pantaloons or a coat exactly as it should not be made.

What do you mean by "exactly as"?

Answer: 1. The shoemaker. One would think that the boot should be made according to the shape of the foot. By no means; it is not made according to the shape of the foot. Why not? Because the shoemaker knows better; he has learned his trade on purpose to know better. He has learned to make the boot so that it shall have a different shape from that of the foot; and he has further learned to make it so that it shall pinch the foot, and be so long as to be constantly tripping against obstacles. The shoemaker's great aim is to make the boot very tight on the instep, and very narrow at the toes. And for this he has good reasons. As the boot is several inches longer than the foot, the foot would crowd into the fore part of the boot, and thus leave the heel empty; and this would make walking even more toilsome, than it is already through the unnecessary length of the boot. In order to avoid this evil, the good shoemaker has learned to make the boot very tight on the instep, just where the large veins are situated, in order that it may pinch there very hard, and so make the boot sit close to the foot. But he is not content with this; his care extends to the whole foot, and he contrives therefore that the

boot shall sit quite tight all round. In this manner he accomplishes two purposes; in the first place, any sharp pebbles, upon which one may happen to tread, are felt much more acutely; and secondly, the foot is so thoroughly confined, that all perspiration, which is troublesome and unhealthy, is avoided. Nay, there is a third, and that a very desirable consequence; for by this means the shoemaker is enabled to make the sole of the boot as narrow as he pleases, as narrow as the back of a knife. This not only improves the appearance of the boot, but is likewise favorable to convenience and security in walking. But shoemakers, not satisfied with learning their trade, wished also to be inventive; and, see! in a happy fit of inspiration, they invented corns. The simple means which they employed for this purpose, was to make the boot as narrow as possible across the toes; it has been eminently successful.

In short, the shoemaker is a fellow-creature who is not, what as shoemaker he ought to be, or who is, what as shoemaker he ought not to be.

2. The Tailor. The tailor is a man who does with regard to clothes, exactly as the shoemaker does with regard to shoes. For the tailor is also a shoemaker, since the shoemaker is nothing but a tailor. The shoemaker is a maker of clothes for the feet, as the tailor is a maker of clothes for the body. The maker of clothes for the body proceeds, accordingly, on the very same principles as the maker of clothes for the feet; and his first rule is to make the clothes of a different shape from the parts of the body for which they are intended. If the tailor has to make a vest, he is sure to have the upper part of the breast and the back of the neck uncovered, because it is a princi-

ple which he has learned, that the purpose of a garment is, not to serve as a covering, but only to be an ornament or a caprice. If the tailor has to make a pair of pantaloons, he will prove that he is a true tailor by making them cut in as tightly as possible where the body is widest, and as wide as possible round the thinnest part of the ankles, so that they take the form of a bell. If the tailor has to make a coat, he does just the same as with the pantaloons; round the hips, where the body is broad, he makes it as narrow as possible, and across the chest, where the body is narrow, as wide as possible. In a word, the well-taught shoemaker and the well-taught tailor have the same fundamental principle; and that principle consists in this, that boots and clothes are not made for a covering, nor for a protection against the weather; but, in the first place, to give to the body quite a different shape from that which nature, in her ignorance, has given; and, secondly, to produce, by means of style, form, and color, an agreeable and picturesque appearance. It is the business of shoemaker and tailor to correct, by their art, the errors of nature. And the mortal who will not acknowledge this self-evident truth, is short-sighted, obstinate, mad, a barbarian or a rebel, or all these put together.

Symptoms of rebellion have also been discerned among certain persons who have had the hardihood to complain of the shape of gloves. These wretched individuals have so far forgotten themselves, as to think it absurd that there should be an interval of an inch or two between the sleeve and the glove, and that there should be a little button on the glove, and that one should be obliged to carry

a little instrument in one's pocket, for the purpose of inserting this little button into the button-hole. But these poor people have only made themselves ridiculous, since the glove-maker has proved to them, that nature has been so stupid as to make the human hand much too large, and that it is, therefore, his business to contrive his work in such a manner, that the hand shall appear much smaller and shorter than it really is. And in this point of view it does not signify whether the hand and wrist are partly exposed (as is now inevitable) to the sun and rain, or not.

What shall we say to all this? Are shoemakers and tailors our benefactors, deserving of our gratitude? or shall we say that they are our enemies, our tormentors, who injure our health, and make caricatures of us, and deserve to be expelled from society?

That would be a severe punishment, but hardly too much so, if we reflect that there are persons who have lived three score years and cannot remember ever, in their whole lives, to have had a single garment, or a single pair of boots which they could wear with comfort; and that there are many who have twenty or thirty pairs, and not one that is convenient.

We will conclude with two questions.

Is there an instance of a shoemaker having made a pair of boots, or a tailor an article of dress, which gave entire satisfaction at the first trial? Not one.

Is there an instance of a shoemaker or a tailor, who received a boot or an article of dress as a pattern, and was told to make a new pair or a new coat exactly like it, and did as he was told? Not one can be adduced.

Humorist.

Translated for the Daguerreotype.

WILLIAM VON HUMBOLDT'S LETTERS.

There is a story connected with "W. von Humboldt's Letters to a (female) Friend," which have recently been published. In the year 1788, Humboldt, who was then a student at Göttingen, spent a few days at Pymont, and there met the daughter of a country clergyman. They were both, for their age, somewhat seriously inclined, and during three days interchanged ideas and sentiments in the groves and valleys of Pymont. The young man was then obliged to return to the seat of the muses. The deep and extensive studies

which he pursued, the bustle of the city, the revolution, confidential intercourse with all the leading spirits of the nation, the occupations of a busy political life, which raised him to the post of ambassador in several of the capitals of Europe, and to the highest offices in his own country,—all this effaced for a time the recollection of the simple country-girl. But it was otherwise with her: she possessed nothing to recall him to her mind, except a leaf in her album, on which were written these words: "A feeling for the true, the

good, and the beautiful, ennobles the mind, and brings bliss to the heart; but what is even this feeling without a sympathetic soul, with which one may share it? Never was I so deeply impressed with the truth of this sentiment, as in the present moment, when I am about to part from you." This token she preserved throughout all the reverses of fortune which assailed her. Separated, while yet young and childless, from a husband of uncongenial disposition, she lost, through the influence of the French revolution, a large part of her little property, which she had lent to the government of Brunswick in its hour of need, and the repayment of which she sought in vain, although she held an acknowledgment in the Duke's handwriting. She had no one to plead for her. Suddenly she resolved to recall herself to the recollection of him whom she had never forgotten. He was

at that time the ambassador and minister plenipotentiary of Prussia at the congress of Vienna. The leaf from her album served, after a lapse of six-and-twenty years, to identify her; she acknowledged candidly that he had "awakened in her heart the feelings of first love, a love which was as pure and spiritual as it always is with the young and noble. Her heart tells her that the Prussian statesman is still the same as was the youth Humboldt. A lofty station and brilliant success may be dangerous to many; but noble natures attain perfection equally in the sunshine of prosperity, and in the shades of misfortune."

She was not deceived. Humboldt, on the very day on which he received her letter, sent her an answer full of tenderness and devotion, and thus commenced the correspondence now published, which only ceased with the death of that great and good man.—*Jahreszeiten*.

COLLECTANEA.

INDIAN TASTE FOR STATUARY.

At Lucknoo, according to Dr. Hoffmeister, (a review of whose travels in India has appeared in the Daguerreotype), the people have quite a mania for statues, a dozen of which, collected without any attempt at design or classification, may be seen at every corner. They are all of the size of life, and the choice is evidently left to the manufacturer, who, from copies of some antique French originals, supplies shepherds and shepherdesses, English soldiers, a Neptune or a gladiator, poodles, lions, and other animals. Sometimes you see busts of Jean Jaques Rousseau, d'Alembert, or Napoleon, between fauns and the monsters of Indian mythology. But that which makes these *chefs-d'œuvres* of sculpture yet more remarkable, is the custom of coloring with thick black paint the hair, the eyes, and the feet; a Venus de Medicis adorned in this manner was particularly charming.

LIBERTY OF THE PRESS IN GERMANY.

The "sovereign people" of Altenburg recently determined, in a popular assembly, not to suffer the "*Dorfszeitung*" and the "*Deutsche allgemeine Zeitung*" to come into the town, because they had contained some articles displeasing to their republican Majesties. So much for the newly acquired German liberty of the press!

THE SILK TRADE.

The recent disturbances in France are likely, and that soon, to lead to a most important event—namely, the removal of the fancy silk trade from Paris and Lyons to England. The apparent impossibility of conducting either this or any other manufacturing establishment with safety and profit to the capitalists, has already (but only as many had anticipated) turned the serious attention of some French houses engaged in the fancy silk trade to look out for some other locality, where their operations can be carried on without the interference of the Communists. In proof of this, there are now parties in Coventry and Manchester, and no doubt in London, recently arrived from Paris and Lyons as pioneers; and, from information that may be relied upon, there is every reason to believe that several establishments will forthwith be removed to England—but which will, in all probability, for the present be at Coventry, though London and Manchester cannot possibly fail to participate greatly in the benefits which this movement is sure to create. The Parisian and Lyonesse workmen will then learn, by bitter experience, if in no other way, that capitalists who have anything to lose will not permit the interference and dictation of Communists as to the mode in which business shall be conducted. It is therefore probable that the silk trade of Europe will permanently settle in England.

Leeds Mercury.

A HELP TO ENERGY.

To-day I found myself compelled to do something which was very disagreeable to me, and which I had long deferred: I was obliged to resort to my "grand expedient" in order to conquer my aversion. You will laugh when I tell you what this is; but I find it a powerful aid in great things as well as small. The truth is, there are few men who are not sometimes capricious, and yet oftener vacillating. Finding that I am not better than others in this respect, I invented a remedy of my own, a sort of *artificial resolution* respecting things which are difficult of performance—a means of securing that firmness in myself which I might otherwise want, and which man is generally obliged to sustain by some external prop. My device, then, is this:—I give my word of honor most solemnly to myself to do, or to leave undone, this or that. I am of course exceedingly cautious and discreet in the use of this expedient, and exercise great deliberation before I resolve upon it; but when once it is done, even if I afterwards think I have been precipitate or mistaken, I hold it to be perfectly irrevocable, whatever inconveniences I foresee likely to result. And I feel great satisfaction and tranquillity in being subject to such an immutable law. If I were capable of breaking in after such mature consideration, I should lose all respect for myself; and what man of sense would not prefer death to such an alternative?—*Tour of a German Prince.*

A NEAPOLITAN SCHOOL BOOK IN THE YEAR 1846.

It is affirmed by Adolph Stahr, in a recently published work, (*A Year in Italy*; Oldenburg, 1848,) that in the year 1846 he found in use, in the public school of Sorrento, a work which professed to be a translation of the well-known French school book, "*Abrégé de toutes les sciences*," (Berlin, 1794!), but executed in the year 1839, and bearing the announcement, "*Edizione nuova, migliorata, corretta ed accresciuta*." A large part of this book is taken up with heraldry, and a description of the different European orders. In the department of history it is very defective. Under the head of Germany is described, as still existing, the Holy Roman Empire, with its ten circles and seven electors, with emperor and diet sitting at Regensburg, and Francis I. as ruling emperor. But on another page, all the electors have disappeared except one, and the Duchy of Wurtemberg has been converted into a kingdom. The Sultan, the Emperor of Russia, and the King of Denmark are cited as absolute sovereigns. Portugal is still

in possession of the beautiful province of Brazil; and Spain owns the Southern part of America, and is in receipt of the rich treasures of Peru. Greece has no independent existence; and the power of the Sultan in that country is a "*potenza formidabile!*" We can easily believe the truth of the assertion made by Adolph Stahr, in another place, that since the year 1821 public education in the kingdom of Naples has retrograded eighty years.

EDUCATION IN CHINA.

In no part of the world is education so universal as it is in China. In such estimation is literature held, that literary attainments form the only passport to the highest offices in the state. Each province is furnished with officers appointed to examine claimants or aspirants to state preferment, who go their circuits twice in each year. Each candidate must submit to repeated examinations previous to the distinction of being placed upon the books for preferment. When a man has reached the highest class of literary attainment, he is examined by the Emperor in person, and if approved of by him, he attains the highest honors. It would appear that genius or originality is not so much admired in China as memory. The power of reciting the greatest number of the sayings of their ancient sages, is considered the acmé of learning. Every literary honor confers the rank of a mandarin on its possessor; and each grade is distinguished by its peculiar dress. Although honors are not hereditary (even the emperor selects whom he pleases, as his successor, from the royal blood,) yet the descendants of men of learning are treated with the greatest respect. In proof of this, the descendants of Confucius, who died more than two thousand years ago, are treated with the greatest consideration by all classes, from the emperor to the lowest coolie. So highly is learning prized, that, very frequently, deceased ancestors are ennobled, in compliment to the attainments of their descendants.

Dublin University Magazine.

A PINT OF ALE AND A NEWSPAPER.

How strangely the value of different things is estimated in some minds! A few grains of toasted barley are wetted, and the juice squeezed into a little water, with a taste of the leaves of the hop plant—the value of both being too small to be calculated; and a very slight tax is laid upon the mixture, which costs also so little labor as hardly to be reckoned in our coinage. A pint of this sells, re-

tail, for fourpence ; and if of good flavor, it is reckoned cheap and well worth the money ; and so it is. It is drunk off in a minute or two—it is gone. On the same table on which this was served lies a newspaper, the mere white sheet of which cost one penny-farthing, and the duty thereon one penny, with no deductions for damaged, crooked, or overprinted copies, made ready for sale, and charged, too, with carriage from mills and stamp office at a distance ; and it is covered with half a million of types, at a cost of thirty pounds for itself and other sheets printed at the same office the same day ; and this sells for no more than the pint of ale, the juice of a little malt and hops ! And yet after one person has enjoyed it, affording him news from all parts of the world, and useful thoughts on all that interests him as a man and a citizen, it remains to be enjoyed by scores of others in the same town or elsewhere ; and it promotes trade and finds employment, and markets for goods, and cautions against frauds and accidents, and subjects for conversation ; and there are some who think this article dear, though the swiftly-gone barley-water is paid for cheerfully. How is this ? is the body a better paymaster than the mind, and are things of the moment more prized than things of moment ? Is the transient tickling of the stomach of more consequence than the improvement of the mind, and the information that is essential to rational beings ? If things had their real value, would not the newspaper be worth many pints of the best ale ?—*Liverpool Mercury*.

TALMUDICAL ALLEGORY. — THE SPIRIT OF SOLOMON.

A venerable old man toiled through the burden and heat of the day, in cultivating his field with his own hand, and in strewing, with his own hand, the promising seeds into the fruitful lap of the yielding earth. Suddenly there stood before him, under the shade of a huge linden tree, a divine vision. The old man was struck with amazement. "I am Solomon," spoke the phantom in a friendly voice ; "what are you doing here, old man ?" "If you are Solomon," replied the old man, "how can you ask this ? In my youth you sent me to the ant ; I saw its occupation, and learned from that insect to be industrious, and to gather. What I then learned, I am following out to this hour." "You have only learned half your lesson," resumed the spirit. "Go again to the ant, and learn from that animal to rest in the winter of your life, and to enjoy what you have gathered up."—*Jewish Chronicle*.

REWARDS OF LITERATURE.

Stowe, the famous historian, devoted his life and exhausted his patrimony in the study of English antiquities ; he travelled on foot throughout the kingdom, inspecting all the monuments of antiquity, and rescuing what he could from the dispersed libraries of the monasteries. His stupendous collections, in his own hand-writing, still exist, to provoke the feeble industry of literary loiterers. He felt through life the enthusiasm of study, and seated in his monkish library, living with the dead more than with the living, he was still a student of taste ; for Spenser, the poet, visited the library of Stowe, and the first good edition of Chaucer was made so chiefly by the labors of our author. Late in life, worn out by study and the cares of poverty, neglected by that proud metropolis of which he had been the historian, yet his good humor did not desert him ; for being afflicted with sharp pains in his aged feet, he observed that "his affliction lay in that part which formerly he made so much of." Many a mile had he wandered, many a pound had he yielded, for those treasures of antiquities which had exhausted his fortune, and with which he had formed works of great public utility. It was in his eightieth year that Stowe at length received a public acknowledgment of his services, which will appear to us of a very extraordinary nature. He was so reduced in his circumstances, that he petitioned James I. for a license to collect alms for himself, "as a recompense for his labor and travel of forty-five years in setting forth the Chronicles of England, and eight years taken up in the survey of the cities of London and Westminster, towards his relief, now in his old age, having left his former means of living, and only employed himself for the service and good of his country." Letters patent under the great seal were granted. After a penurious commendation of Stowe's labors, he is permitted "to gather the benevolence of well disposed people within this realm of England ; to ask, gather, and take the alms of all our loving subjects." These letters patent were to be published by the clergy from their pulpits : they produced so little that they were renewed for another twelvemonth ; one entire parish in the City contributed seven shillings and sixpence ! Such, then, was the patronage received by Stowe, to be a licensed beggar throughout the kingdom for a twelvemonth ! Such was the public remuneration of a man who had been useful to his nation, but not to himself !—

Hogg's Weekly Instructor.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE NEW SATELLITE OF SATURN.—The extraordinary manner in which scientific discoveries are made at one time by different persons, independently of each other, has often been matter of note. In speculation, it is easy enough to see that such coincidences are likely, for many heads are at work upon the same stage of knowledge; and since it is thus tolerably certain, that when the hour is come, the man will be at his post, it is not impossible that two or more may make an advance together, or nearly so. But in a matter of pure observation, and in a field in which there is no essential reason for there being two laborers at the same moment, the coincidence is more striking. By letters from America, it appears that Mr. Bond, of Cambridge, U. S., detected the eighth satellite of Saturn so nearly at the same time as Mr. Lassell, that the steps of the two discoveries run together thus:—

MR. LASSELL.
Sept. 16.—

Sept. 18.—Observes two stars near Saturn, of which he was unable to determine which was Iapetus, the satellite he was looking for. Makes a careful diagram of the system and neighboring stars.

Sept. 19.—Establishes that both stars share the motion of the planet—that one is Iapetus, and the other a new satellite.

MR. BOND.

Sept. 16.—Notifies a small star nearly in the plane of the ring between Titan and Iapetus. Regards it as accidental, but records its estimated position with regard to Saturn.

Sept. 18.—Notifies the same object, and measures again, more carefully, but still "scarcely suspected its real nature."

Sept. 19.—Finds that the new object partakes in the retrograde motion of Saturn, —and establishes the satellite.

It thus appears that there is no priority in either observer, as to the first suspicion that the new star was a satellite. Mr. Bond had seen it on the 16th, but regarded it as accidental, and did not then even make that "careful" measure which he thought it right to do on the 18th.

On this satellite, our opinion is, that the English ought to say it was discovered by Bond and Lassell—the Americans by Lassell and Bond. The name given by Mr. Lassell, Hyperion, will probably not be objected to.—*Athenæum.*

THE PLANET NEPTUNE.—Very few words will suffice in the way of remark on the controversy which terminates with M. Leverrier's paper. Our readers may be satisfied, in spite of newspaper articles, that the faith of all who can understand the researches of MM. Leverrier and Adams never has been unsettled for one moment by the puny attempts at the anni-

hilation of their result. And, moreover, those of them who have the least possible knowledge of astronomical processes and of the manner in which the great successes of that science have been achieved, may see some, at least, of the force of M. Leverrier's reply. It is for those who affirm that Neptune *is not* the planet which produced the unexplained motions of Uranus to find out the one which *does*. The field is open before them; let them take the discordances, separate the part of them due to Neptune—for Neptune exists, and must produce some effect—treat the remainder as Leverrier and Adams did, and tell in what region of the heavens *their* planet is to be looked for. There may be other planets beyond Neptune to which some small part of the unexplained motions may be due. But our readers may rest well assured that the existing Neptune produces the great bulk of all that was difficult to account for.

The direct problem of gravitation was Newton's: given, a system of planets and the law of mutual attraction: required, the resulting motions of the system. The inverse problem—given, unexplained motions: required, the orbit, &c. of the planet which produces them—is that of Leverrier and Adams. Our readers must not imagine that Newton was able at once to produce to the world a finished explanation. The mathematics of his time, even such as he had made them, did not suffice to show that his law of attraction would produce all observed motions. The inverse problem has started as successfully as the direct one,—which is due to the augmented powers of analysis: inverse problems are always more difficult than direct ones. When Clairaut turned his attention to the theory of the moon, finding that Newton had not been able to account for more than half the motion of the lunar apogee—or the change of place in the heavens of the point at which she is farthest from the earth—he was at first inclined to suppose that the law of attraction was inaccurately expressed. Had he jumped at this conclusion, and assailed the Newtonian law, he would have taken that place in the history of the theory of gravitation which we feel safe in predicting is to be occupied—so far as Neptune is concerned—by those who have called forth M. Leverrier's exposition. But Clairaut thought again, looked further into the problem, augmented its resources; and the consequence is, that he is Clairaut, such as we have him, and author of an example which we recommend to the imitation of M. Babinet.

We understand that Prof. Pierce has arrived at a new phase of opposition. His first assault was—Neptune is not Neptune; that is, the planet which bears that name does not perform the functions by which it was discovered. He has now got as far as—Neptune is Neptune, but ought not to have been Neptune; the discoverers had no business to find it out in the way they did. On this point we will tell a story which we know to be quite true. At a certain boy's school, thirty years ago, there was a lad whose power at marbles was extraordinary; he hit everything he aimed at. A party of his school-fellows were discussing his play. Says one of them: "I don't think — plays better than any of us, much." "Not a bit of it," says another; "he has a knack of *pimping 'em out*—but he is not what I call a *real good player*." A Leverrier or an Adams of any size whatever is sure to find a Pierce or a Babinet of the same. If either of the latter will *pimp out* a planet, or anything else, to begin with, we shall listen with more respect when we hear them take success to task, for not being failure.

We have received a letter from Mrs. Borren, in which that lady requests us to remind our readers that her claims to the discovery that Neptune is not Neptune, are prior to those of Prof. Pierce, and referring to her printed remarks on that subject. All this is perfectly correct; Mrs. Borren has from the commencement appeared in print against the whole claims of Leverrier and Adams. If we have not noticed her in mentioning Prof. Pierce and M. Babinet, it is because her writings give us no reason to infer that she has the knowledge of mathematics necessary to any one who would be admitted among the disputants in a question that involves the use of the profoundest analysis.—*Athenæum*.

THE COPYING TELEGRAPH. — Experimental trials have been recently made of the copying electric telegraph invented by Mr. Bakewell, by means of which it is intended to make *fac-simile* copies of written communications, so that correspondents in distant towns may recognize each other's handwriting. The experiments were made between the Electric Telegraph Company's branch station in Seymour Street and Slough, for the purpose of ascertaining whether the same amount of electric power that works the needle telegraph, would be sufficient for the copying process. We understand that the result was most satisfactory; and that legible copies of messages written in London were received at Slough with double the rapidity that could be attained by the

needle telegraph. The instruments were much smaller than those that will be employed in regular work; and we hear that Mr. Bakewell expects to be able to transmit as many as four hundred letters of the alphabet, per minute, with a single wire. Independently of the great rapidity of which this means of communication is susceptible, the copying telegraph would give greater certainty to such information, not only because errors of transmission would be avoided, but the agent, on recognizing the handwriting of his correspondent, would act with more confidence than he can do on receiving instructions of the authenticity of which there is no proof.—*Literary Gazette*.

Hatching eggs by artificial heat is well known and extensively practised in China, as is also the hatching of fish. The sale of spawn for this purpose forms an important branch of trade in China. The fishermen collect with care, on the margin and surface of water, all the gelatinous matter that contains spawn of fish, which is then placed in an egg-shell (which has been fresh emptied) through a small hole, which is then stopped, and the shell is then placed under a sitting fowl. In a few days the Chinese break the shell in warm water, warmed by the sun. The young fish are then kept in water until they are large enough to be placed in a pond. This plan in some measure counteracts the great destruction of spawn by troll-nets, which have caused the extinction of many fisheries.—*Medical Times*.

The *Derry Sentinel* describes an instance of a phenomenon very rare in northern latitudes—the apparition in the horizon which in Italy is called *Fata Morgana*, and which in the African and Asian deserts is known as "the mirage." Two fishermen were the spectators, out in a boat on Lough Foyle, off Quigley's Point. "At about two in the afternoon the sky was of a more than ordinary dark and lurid aspect, so much so that the men were apprehensive that there would be a heavy fall of rain; when almost instantaneously the clouds to the westward parted, and an opening, as it were, of a reddish hue, became visible, to which their attention was directed. Then there appeared in the heavens a regiment of men in uniform; and so minute was the representation, that the dresses of the officers could be easily distinguished from those of the men. This passed away in a panoramic manner, and was quickly succeeded by the view of two large three-masted vessels of war under full sail, which traversed the same space as their

predecessors in the scene, and at length they faded from the sight. The mysterious vision was not, however, yet completed; for their wondering eyes now beheld the appearance of two human forms, male and female, standing with their faces towards each other, as if engaged in conversation; and so vivid was the outline of these figures, that they distinguished the male from the female, the former being apparently clothed in a frock-coat. This ærial personation of humanity occupied about the same space of time as the two first-mentioned. This most bewildering scene was closed by the forms of a swan and a pea-hen moving across and disappearing; after which the sky assumed the sombre hue which it wore previous to this strange allusion.

Mr. Murray announces a new edition of Pope, with notes by Mr. John Wilson Croker. There is certainly room for this. Warburton overlaid his text with unnecessary notes, and unceasing personalities; Warton emptied his two volumes of Essays, his own recollections, and such cullings from Spence as he was allowed to make, into the edition which bears his name; Mr. Bowles added very little to Warburton and Warton—and that little not very accurately; and very often, we are sorry to say, in the worst possible taste; while Pope's last editor, the late William Roscoe of Liverpool, only encumbered his author with unnecessary help—adding tedious introductions, critical but indiscriminating,

to poems which required only a few plain words of introduction. Every allusion in Pope deserves to be understood; yet his editors have hitherto done little to explain his now obscure, but once well-known allusions. There is scarcely a line in his Satires without some covert reference to persons and circumstances. Why should their meaning be lost, if an editor is able and willing to help us in understanding them? Mr. Croker is well versed (few men more so) in the literature and politics of the age of Pope. Nor is he without other assistances in his new task. His edition will have the peculiar and important attraction of including one hundred and seventy-five unpublished letters of Pope to Harley, Earl of Oxford, the Lord Treasurer, and to his son, the second Earl of Oxford. This correspondence, from what we have seen of it, is of great value; throwing important light on that dark passage in the poet's life, the publication of his correspondence by the notorious Curll. While writing on this subject, we may mention that the edition will contain an unpublished series of couplets addressed to the Lord Treasurer Oxford, by Pope, Swift, Arbuthnot, Parnell, and Gay. They form an invitation, on one sheet of paper, asking the Lord Treasurer to throw his treasurer's staff aside for the night, and join the Scriblerus Club in Arbuthnot's rooms. All the couplets are characteristic, and each is in the handwriting of its author. Swift signs himself "The Dean," Arbuthnot, "The Doctor." What a night! What an autograph page!

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